THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

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WAR AND THE SUPERNATURAL IN CURRENT LITERATURE

BY DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

WE ARE in the midst of a revival of the supernatural in literature. While it is true that the ghostly has always been present in man's poetry and prose, both oral and written, from the earliest recorded time, there are periods when it seems to occupy more of his attention than at others. Man loves the weird. He is easily intoxicated with spirits. He longs to feel vicariously the thrills that more than one world offer. He craves more than human knowledge, hence he writes and reads of magic vision, of second sight, of wisdom's wizardry. Discontent with petty poverty, he dreams of a philosopher's stone. Rebelling against the impending prison of the grave, he loves to read of those who have snatched victory from it or who have escaped it, so he broods over the Wandering Jew, or the Elixir of Life. Craving immortality, he is comforted at reading of man's indestructible self, the all-conquering Ego that transcends death and lives on eternally, "content to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever." Hedged in by life's ironic circumstance of law and order, fettered in flesh by multiple conventions, he seeks a magical chance of escape through the realms of spirit, and while his sober feet tread trivial rounds he revels in bacchantic fears, in dissipations of the intellect.

The more man learns of the natural laws the more he seems to believe in the supernatural. Witchcraft and alchemy he has put aside, only to turn to psychical research. Astrology he has reluctantly yielded up, yet the stars in their courses still pester him. He must be peopling them, accounting for their aberrations, staging cosmic comedies. He has given up ancient magic, but he dallies with the ouija board. He loves to traffic with the other world, even though he does not know the customs of the country. It appears that the proper study of man is ghosts.

This love for the supernatural, manifest in literature as in life, though never absent, is more marked in the literature of the past twenty or thirty years than ever before. And since we have turned the corner of the twentieth century, we have seen more unearthly beings than ever

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in the past. One can scarcely fathom why. Perhaps the pendulum is swinging violently back to faith after a period of scientific scepticism. Perhaps man is merely shaking off the shackles of the past conventions and asserting his right to believe in what he will. Who knows? Possibly it is that man loves the thrill of fear, and since pure terror exists only in association with the supermortal, he yearns after the ghostly. Perhaps the secret of the power that the ghost story has over us lies in the fact of our pathetic ignorance of spiritual things, of the mysteries that lie before us. We'd like to speak some friendly wraith to tell us news of the far land to which we hasten.

This advance of ghosts in the twentieth century has shown a marked increase since the Great War began. We may go a-ghosting on all pages now, and devilled fiction is much the vogue. The flutter of innumerable new-cut leaves echoes the rustle of angel wings, and the curtains of our dramas rise as smoothly on heaven or hell as on earth. Man is not content with one little world to write about, but claims the right of eminent domain over all. All sorts of picaresque immortals furnish the complicating struggle for fiction now, and myriads of kindly spirits rise—or descend—to give aid in time of human need.

Perhaps the reasons are not far to seek. This war has belittled ordinary thinking for us, so that we need superlative symbols, more than mortal images, to match the mighty swing of events. One does not go on merely thinking afternoon tea thoughts when a world is aflame, when the sword-point is at humanity's throat. "Our blind conceiving soars," yes, and the clay-shuttered casements seem less obstinate than of old. One might apply to this world condition the words of Sainte-Beuve, written of the events of 1815, a period so like our own a century later: "At these moments of universal rending, it happens, I imagine, that the ideal which lies behind the terrestrial world is revealed, made suddenly visible to certain eyes."

One feature of this revival of interest in the supernatural is found in the books and articles that claim to be communications from the dead. It appears that nowadays many ghosts have itching pens, and others desire to speak vicariously through the lips of mortals,—though royalties do not carry beyond the Styx, and the fame (such as it is!) must be shared with one or more grasping mortals in each case. But there is no accounting for ghostly tastes. Why the spirits choose such limited and slow media as the pen and the human voice for transmitting their utterances I do not know. Patience Worth, for instance, could write a deal faster if she used a typewriter instead of a ouija board,—though, patience knows, she writes enough as it is!

War Letters from a Living Dead Man, written by Elsa Barker, but dictated (she claims) by the late Judge Hatch, constitutes a series of extraordinary communications from the dead to the living. Mrs. Barker asserts that she has been seized by an overwhelming impulse to write, unaccompanied by any inspiration as to subject. That is not uncommon! But it appears that when she grasps a pencil, ideas flow from a source which she identifies (to her satisfaction) as Judge Hatch, formerly of California, now apparently

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a citizen of worlds at large. She says that the judge tells her thrilling facts concerning the other cosmos, especially of conditions since the war began. He informs her that the war was planned in hell,—which sounds more sensible than most post-mortem statements. He is in a position, it would seem, to judge the comparative merits of the case, and does not side with Germany.

The author entertains the Maeterlinckian theory that the war is a manifestation of a cosmic conflict, a struggle between the forces of evil and of good, of which the fight on earth is but an infinitesimal part. Her space correspondent gives lurid accounts of the astral world, and says that the spirits of the slain go through torments since the ghostly world is overcrowded now and in dire confusion on account of the war. He describes an interview that he has had with the devil, who is keeping bad company, it seems, having been seen with the Kaiser. But in spite of a promise to tell Mrs. Barker the secrets of the war as seen from the other side, the astral journalist fails to reveal what would be of most interest to readers on this planet, when and on what terms the war will end.

Another spirit communicant said to be recently interviewed concerning the war as seen from the far side of death, is Hugo Münsterburg. The late Harvard professor, who before his death showed interest in psychical phenomena chiefly by his catching Eusapia Palladino by the heel and showing up her trickery in a séance, has apparently changed sides on that as on other questions. The October issue of the *Journal* of the American Society of Psychical Research publishes an account of conversations believed to have been held with Professor Münsterburg, which might be considered genuine, since on these occasions nobody caught anybody's heel. Münsterburg is quoted as asserting that he does not want to see the war, that it makes him sick. He is not by himself in that! He speaks of the "arrogant ignorance" of the German people, whose downfall he prophesies. It certainly is a gentlemanly thing for Münsterburg to admit himself wrong on such an important question as Kaiserism.

Among those publications describing what are claimed to be actual communications of the dead with the living, Mr. Warr's collection of stories under the title of *The Unseen Host* is interesting. Mr. Warr gives a number of scenes from the battle-field, in which the dead are represented as revealing themselves to the living. He says of an experience of his own in the Service of Intercession in St. Paul's, on the first anniversary of the war, "That dear friend of mine whose earthly body sleeps in Flanders, but whose spirit is with the winged hosts in heaven, was very near to me then, and spoke to me . . . and told me . . . of a meeting which awaits us beyond the shadows and tears of this dying world." Mr. Warr is a Highlander and, like the true Celt, believes in the unearthly.

True Ghost Stories is another collection of assumed veridical apparitions on the battle-field, believed in by the writers. There are many other examples of war psychics in our literature claiming to be real.

The most appealing book among those purporting to be inspired by revelations from the dead is Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, written to

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convince the world of the reality of the spirit life, following the death of the young son in the war. The volume is at once appealing and ineffective. One feels reverence for the grief of a father who is grasping after proof of a loved son's continuing life, though one feels here, as elsewhere, that the revelations given are scarcely worthy of spirit inspiration.

The accounts of the other world given by this mediumistic dictation present incongruities, ideas that are oddly at variance with the ordinary concepts of spiritual life. For instance, Raymond is made to say that one who has been blown to pieces in an explosion has difficulty in gathering himself together after death,—as if the spiritual entity were divided among the physical atoms. He says that souls who still have earthly appetites are given food, or something that has that appearance and effect. Hard drinkers will be comforted by the news that the heavenly laboratory furnishes alcoholics for those who have a thirst. *Spirits* of whiskey, no doubt! He also says, "A chap came over the other day who would have a cigar,"—and the wish was gratified. We should have supposed that one could smoke more appropriately in the lower regions! William Dean Howells's article on *Raymond* in the November *Harper's Magazine* is interesting, especially since Howells has used psychic material in one of his own novels, *The Undiscovered Country*.

In addition to the stories, poems and articles telling of the supernatural given as fact, we find a mass of literature in all forms, dealing with the weird frankly as literary material, not claiming any right to the reader's faith. A considerable part of the literature dealing with the war introduces the unearthly in some way, either as specific complicating material or as atmospheric influence. The ghostly now colours and permeates everything, it would seem. We find the war supernaturalism in poems, stories, novels, and in the drama, and in the literature of all the countries involved in the conflict. This war supernaturalism shows an interesting diversity of creatures, angelic, deific, satanic. Various types of ghosts and super-ghosts, of angels, of diabolised beings haunt the pages and constitute the protagonists for mortal struggles, whose scenes are laid in heaven and in hell as well as on earth.

The frequent and reverent use of the personality of God and of Christ in the literature of to-day suggests a return to the old religious mysticism of mediævalism, wherein divinity figured much in literature. The appearances of God are related for the most part with scenes in heaven, while Christ generally walks the earth among men.

A few of the instances of the appearance of God may be mentioned. In *A Legend of Ypres*, by Elinor Jenkins, the scene is in heaven, where the spirits of the slain are shown as looking down upon the battle-field. Seeing the line at Ypres about to fail, the newly dead beseech God to let them go back to help their comrades. God, smiling indulgently upon them, says, "Begone, then, foolish ones, and fight again!" And the shining hosts reinforce the Allies, saving the day for them. In *A Wayside Calvary*, by Owen Seaman, God reveals to the Kaiser what he has done in projecting the war, showing him that he has crucified Christ afresh. The climax consigns

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the Emperor to the ultimate hell, along with Judas Iscariot. *The Old Soldier*, by Katherine Tynan, shows a considerate God, who makes heaven a homelike place for the young soldiers so suddenly thrust into immortality, arranging to have their loved commander there in advance to greet them.

Across the Border, a war drama by Beulah Maria Dix, introduces a wounded soldier who in his delirium sees heaven, and talks with the Master of the House, who shows him the wrong and cruelty of war. *The Only Son*, by Katherine Tynan, is a touching poem of a mother in heaven, who cannot be happy for thinking of her boy and fearing lest some hurt may come to him with her away. At last God hears her prayer, and an angel returns from earth to tell her, "He fell in action yesterday." Another picture of heaven and God is found in *The Poor Man in Paradise*, by Sainte-Georges de Bonhelier, where an angel comes on wings of gold to carry a poilu to heaven. The Eternal Father welcomes the peasant who has died for others. *The Vision*, by Katherine Tynan, relates one of war's sweet miracles, wherein Private Flynn, who has the Celtic heritage of belief in the supernatural, lovingly cares for the grave of his dead captain. One night when the soldier comes to the place, Christ opens his eyes and shows him heaven and God. A moment later his eyes are blinded by a volley from a hidden gun, but Private Flynn lives on and smiles, because he has seen God. These are merely a few of the instances of this motif in recent literature.

Christ is an appealing figure in many poems of the war, as in various symbolic examples of fiction and of the drama. His compassion, His fellowship of suffering, His healing power of comfort, are expressed over and over again. *His Coming*, by J. C. Snaith, is a somewhat remarkable novel associated with the war, showing the Christ reincarnate in the person of a village carpenter, who embodies the divine love for mankind, enduring the scorn of an unbelieving world. The theme reminds one somewhat of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* and *The Servant in the House*. Christ here is shown as returning through metempsychosis, nowadays a frequent motif of the supernatural.

The Second Coming, by Frederick Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes, shows the return of Christ to earth in His own person, not through metempsychosis. The book is a prophecy of the end of the war. On the day before Christmas Christ walks among men on the battle-fields. He appeals to the Kaiser to end the war justly, but to no avail, for the Emperor orders a more terrible attack for Christmas Day. At Easter Christ comes again to the ruler, who now lies dying, while outside his palace may be heard the rioting of the people desperate because of their sufferings. The heart of the Emperor is softened at last, and he cries, "Lord, I have sinned! Let my people have peace!" The book is written with sincerity and simplicity.

The White Comrade, by Robert Haven Schauffler, portrays a scene after a battle, where a wounded soldier crawls off to die alone. A stranger, clad in white, comes to him, ministers to him, comforts him, gathers him into his arms. Seeing that the stranger's hands clasped in prayer have been pierced, that his

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feet, too, are wounded, and that a stain of red is showing on the white robe above the heart, the soldier cries, "You are hurt, White Comrade!" but already foreknowing the answer.

"These are old wounds," he said,
"But of late they have troubled me."

There are various other poems of the *White Comrade*, which show the presence of the incarnate Christ in the trenches to comfort and to bless.

The Old Road to Paradise, by Margaret Widdemer, shows Christ receiving the souls of the slain, welcoming troops of soldiers who have died in battle, leading them home. "The old road to Paradise is crowded now!" A similar scene is shown in *Any Friend to Any Friend*, by H. W. Bliss.

Yea, God of battles, what a time to die!
Thy courts are echoing to the tuck of drums.
The wide days flame with comet souls that fly
Triumphant at a bound from earth to heaven,
The nights ablaze, with their swift passage riven,
As, trailing clouds of glory, swift they come.

Christ in Flanders, a widely reprinted poem from the *Spectator*, contrasts the attitude of the average man in times of careless peace and in days of war. Contrasted with the neglect of Him, the change that war has brought is shown.

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear;
We never thought about You much in England,
But now that we are far away from England,
We have no doubts, we *know* that You are here!

Charles Rann Kennedy's drama, *The Terrible Meek*, employs the Christ character in a protest against capital punishment. The mother of a soldier who has been court-martialled for some slight offence, is weeping beside the gallows, and talking with the officer stationed to guard the place for the night. As the dawn slowly comes, we see that the man who has been slain is the Christ, the officer is the Roman centurion, and the mother is Mary. This play, while lacking the power of Kennedy's other drama of the Christ, has considerable force and beauty. Another embodiment of Mary and her son is found in Margaret Widdemer's *And His Name Shall Be Called Prince of Peace.*

To illustrate the number and variety of the poems in our recent literature dealing with Christ, Martha Foote Crowe has just compiled an anthology, her investigations revealing a genuine and marked revival of the use of Christ in our present poetry. Many of the poems that she reprints are associated with the war, showing that the conflict has had much to do with this renascence of appreciation of Christ as literary material. The poems are reverent, introducing in a variety of ways the actual and symbolic presence of Jesus among men at war.

Not only Deity and the Christ, but the devil as well, appears in various dramas, novels, stories and poems of the war. We may note an interesting change seen in this war diabolism from that of recent years, in that there is a reversion to type, a return of the old-fashioned, indubitable devil with physical make-up of horns, hoofs and tail, as well as with his demoniac character. The Satan of recent years—before the war, that is—had shown a levelling ten-

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dency, a more human nature than of old. We had come to sympathise with the fiend, to feel that there is so much of the human in the devil and so much of the devil in us that it would be unbecoming for us to treat him harshly. But now the demon is again the convenient fiend whom we can loathe conscientiously.

One devil makes a bid for sympathy, however, in this war literature in *The Ultimate Hell*, by Franklin Giddings, a satire against America's early position with reference to the war. Satan indulges in a monologue concerning events, hell, the world and God. He thinks that the old hell does not exist in name any more, but survives under a different terminology. He considers that the ultimate hell is a land "once dedicated to liberty," and pictures America as hammering gold beneath a sulphuring sky, careless of her own dead that went gurgling down to death. He ends by saying:

I'm growing old. I do not relish quite
The modern way, a Democratic Hell!
I'm growing old. I wonder if I sometimes
wish
That God would come again!

Another satiric devil is found in B. U. Burke's *Erasmus at the Court of Satan*. Erasmus decides to come back to earth on the occasion of the anniversary of his publication of the first Greek Testament, in March, 1916. Arriving in Flanders, he feels that the devil has been at work there, so searches him out in his domain to demand an explanation. An interesting dialogue ensues. Satan is sarcastic, satirical, more like Iago than most demons. He explains the current conditions on the basis of too much nationalism. He says that he has produced a brand of patriotism of his own make, of which the emotional enthusiasms are potent and evil beyond belief. He satirises religion by saying that Christianity is an aid to the continuance of hostility, that, flourishing as never before, it has been reduced to such a science that it can be adapted to fit any need or prove any end. The devil rocks with mirth as Erasmus shrinks appalled from the horrid conditions.

Stephen Phillips's last play, *Armageddon*, shows in its prologue and in its epilogue scenes in hell, where the war is represented as being planned. Other scenes introduce supernatural material, but the play, a fevered production, touched with the weakness of the dying poet's brain, will add nothing to Phillips's fame.

These examples may serve to illustrate the types of diabolism current in the war literature. The demon is not the cultured gentleman he has seemed in recent years, but now is merely Kultured. The scenes from hell are not impressive for the most part, not dimming the diabolic glory that Dante and Milton have shown us. They are symbolic, satiric, rather than realistic or imposing, too much disposed to propaganda to be generally popular and with little literary value.

In addition to the more obvious elements of supernaturalism, such as angels and demons, God and the devil, various other motifs appear in the war literature. The theme of metempsychosis comes in to a considerable extent. The dream element is also largely used, as in J. M. Barrie's drama, *Der Tag*, where it is employed in combination with prophecy. The Kaiser sees in his dreams the burning of Rheims Cathedral, hears the thundering cannon and views the ravages of war, argu-

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ing with the spirit of Culture meanwhile, but deciding for war. This is not a strong play, not in the Barrie manner.

An answer to this, a phantasmagoria in four acts, called *The Night*, by one who signs himself *Barrie Americanus Neutralis*, is an example of magic vision. The Witch of Time tells King Edward VII that England's downfall is coming unless things take a change. She shows him by magic his foes in council, among them France and Russia, and when he asks if England has no friends, she draws the curtain on Bismarck and the Kaiser Wilhelm, who piously prate of peace. The last scene gives the report of cannon, shows the Belgium fortifications falling and reveals German soldiers swarming everywhere, German war-music sounding off stage as the curtain falls. (The reader may decide for himself as to the neutrality of the writer.) Another dramatic representation of war is in *The Metal Checks*, by Louise Driscoll. The Counter, Death, sits at a table, cloaked and hooded in mystic grey. The Bearer represents the World that is made to bear the burdens of war, carrying on his shoulders a sackful of the metal discs used to identify the corpses of common soldiers.

The scientific type of supernaturalism, of which we have had so much in recent years, is not so prominent as we might expect, but it does appear sporadically. *Efficiency*, a one-act play, is a satire on war methods. An inventor has perfected a plan of piecing together dismembered limbs of the slain, making living men out of fragments, thus sending more fighters back to the line. The ruler has one of these automatons appear before him, praising the scheme, but the machine-made thing revolts at a system that puts efficiency above humanity and slays the autocrat.

Another scientific example of the weird is Arthur Machen's *The Terror*, the story of an awful and insidious danger that sweeps over England during two years of the war. A series of murders, enveloped in dreadful mystery, occur, for which the scientists are unable to account. But at last the explanation is found to lie in the animal psychosis. The hate in human hearts has so affected the brute world that animals turn against men and murder them in sinister ways. Above all hovers a visible cloud of hate, of psychic terror that paralyses humanity till it is lifted. The story, which is told with Machen's usual uncanny effectiveness in dealing with the darker aspects of supernaturalism, suggests Maeterlinck's theory that the brute world is secretly hostile to mankind.

Magic vision constitutes one of the interesting aspects of war unearthliness, of which Arthur Machen has given us various valuable specimens, akin to the type that Wells used to be fond of. Machen specialises in magic visualisation of the war before the event, as in *The Dazzling Light*, and *The Little Nations*. The latter tells of the prophetic vision of a clergyman, in whose garden one day a plot assumes strange shapes, the exact topography of the peninsula of Gallipoli, over which swarming hordes of ants fight in mad array. The story, which closes significantly, suggests the theory of *The Terror*. "There have been some who have held that the earthly conflict is but the reflection of a war

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in heaven; what if it be reflected infinitely, if it penetrate to the uttermost depths of creation? And if a speck of dust be a cosmos—a universe—of revolving worlds? There may be battle between creatures that no microscope shall ever find."

Stories and poems and plays of the war reveal miracles, show visions and use most of the conventional motifs of the unearthly. The mechanistic spirit of supernaturalism, so common in late literature, is reflected in the war stories, for instance, in the accounts of various enchanted ships. The scientific aspects are less frequent now than in other supernaturalism, perhaps because man has been so stunned by the emotional side of war, by the brutal facts of horror, that his brain cannot busy itself with the intellectual concepts necessary for the scientific ghostliness previously popular.

We find a large element of the symbolic, as well as of the satiric, present in the war literature. The satire is especially manifest in the works introducing the diabolic. But the humourous supernaturalism, which has been so prominent a feature in our twentieth century unearthliness, is rare. We can readily understand that, for no one is inclined to be funny over the war, not even the ghosts that have waxed merry in recent years. The devil is the only one whose risibilities are excited by present conditions. There are a few exceptions, however, a notable one being *The Last Post*, by Nan Moulton, which is a story of a dead soldier in heaven, showing a whimsical reverence, a tender humour that is appealing and delightful.

It is difficult to pass judgment with respect to the literary value of the war supernaturalism. On the whole, the plays seem weak, too turgid and sensational, too obviously written for occasion and for national emotions to have wide appeal. They lack the breadth of sympathy, the clarity of vision, that great dramas should possess. So far, the war has seen scarcely a play that effectively represents the war supernaturalism. All the plays seem to fall below the usual level of merit, as shown in the work of their authors. The novels are more effective, though one wonders if any of them will live long after the war.

The short stories appear to have a higher range of literary power than the dramas or novels. Perhaps the reason for that lies in the fact that the ghostly is better expressed in brief form than at length, since the unearthly thrill cannot hold for long without too great a strain upon the nerves of the reader or audience. Yet the short stories are weak when compared with some of the matchless French stories based on the Franco-Prussian War, for instance. The poetry of the war is, on the whole, of a more genuine power and has more depth of feeling, more sympathy and comprehension, than any of the other types. Some of the war poetry, struck from the fire of emotion, will go down among our noble poems. Yet much of it is weak. The war poetry of William Watson, for instance, leaves one cold. One is not stirred by it as by the verse of Alfred Noyes, which moves one to martial ardour, wakes one as by flute and drum. The poetry of Katherine Tynan, with its delicacy of tenderness, its ineffable pathos of grief and desolation, touches the tenderest strings of pity. Her simple Celtic songs of war's

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miracles and visions, of love beyond death, of immortality, are poetry of a high order, it seems to me, for they have the power to express deep emotion with simplicity and power. Her poems of the pitiful ghosts of war touch both the heart and the spinal cord. Her scenes of heaven are indeed "homely," and her Irish earth at times a paradisiacal place. No literature of the war supernaturalism has touched me so deeply as has her verse. If all literature were like hers, we should have a compensation for the conflict,—but some of the poems and plays are calculated to add a new terror to war.

THE GRAY MAGICIAN

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I was living very merrily on Middle Earth,
As merry as a maid might be,
Till the Gray Magician came down along the road
And flung his cobweb cloak on me:

The cobweb cloak of grey brushed my eyes and my ears
And all the curtained air was thinned
And I came to the sight of the quiet Other People
Who live in the water and the wind . . .

And I cannot go abroad now to gather up the fagots
Singing to the honest air,
Because of the fingers of the brown wood-women
Catching in my blowing hair;

And I cannot sit at home and be quiet at my spinning,
Singing to the thread I spin,
Because of the crying of the green sea-women
Beneath my sill to be let in:

And I wish the Gray Magician had been swung to an oak
Or flung within the deep green sea
Before he brushed my face with his cobweb cloak
And stole the Middle Earth from me!

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VII

Lindsay the Cymbalist—first impression.—Harriet Monroe's Magazine —training in art—the long vagabond tramps—correct order of his works —his drawings—the "Poem Game"—"The Congo."—General William Booth—wide sweep of his imagination—sudden contrasts in sound—his prose works—his interest in moving pictures—an apostle of democracy—a wandering minstrel—his vitality—a primary man—art plus morality—his geniality—a poet and a missionary—his fearlessness.—Robert Frost—the poet of New England—his paradoxical birth—his education—his career in England—his experiences on a farm—his theory of the spoken word—an out-door poet—not a singer—lack of range—interpreter as well as observer —pure realism—rural tragedies—centrifugal force—men and women—suspense—the building of a poem—the pleasure of recognition—his sincerity—his truthfulness.

"But you—you can help so much more. You can help spiritually. You can help to shape things, give form and thought and poignancy to the most matter-of-fact existence; show people how to think and live and appreciate beauty. What does it matter if some of them jeer at you, or trample on your work? What matters is that those for whom your message is intended will know you by your work."

—Stacy Aumonier, *Just Outside.*

I

Of all living Americans who have contributed to the advance of English poetry in the twentieth century, no one has given more both as prophet and priest than Vachel Lindsay. His poems are notable for originality, pictorial beauty, and thrilling music. He belongs to no modern school, but is doing his best to found one; and when I think of his love of a loud noise, I call him a Cymbalist.

Yet when I use the word *noise* to describe his verse, I use it not only in its present, but in its earlier meaning, as when Edmund Waller saluted Chloris with

> While I listen to thy voice,
> Chloris! I feel my life decay;
> That powerful noise
> Calls my flitting soul away.

This use of the word, meaning an agreeable, harmonious sound, was current from Chaucer to Coleridge.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Lindsay's poetry began with a masterpiece, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven.* Early in the year 1913, before I had become a subscriber to Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, I found among the clippings in the back of a copy of the *Independent* this extraordinary burst of music. I carried it in my pocket for a year. Nothing since Francis Thompson's *In No Strange Land* had given me such a spinal chill. Later I learned that it had appeared for the first time in the issue of *Poetry* for Jan-

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uary, 1913. All lovers of verse owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Monroe for bringing the new poet to the attention of the public; and all students of contemporary movements in metre ought to subscribe to her monthly magazine; the numbers naturally vary in value, but almost any one may contain a "find"; as I discovered to my pleasure in reading *Niagara* in the summer of 1917.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay—Vachel rimes with Rachel—was born at Springfield, Illinois—which rimes with boy—on November 10, 1879. His pen name omits the Nicholas. For three years he was a student at Hiram College in Ohio, and for five years an art student, first at Chicago, and then at New York. This brings us to the year 1905. From that year until 1910 he drew strange pictures, lectured on various subjects, and wrote defiant and peculiar "bulletins." Then he became a tramp, making long pilgrimages afoot in winter and spring through Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, invading even the Northern States. These wanderings are described with vigour, vivacity, and contagious good humour in his book called *A Handy Guide for Beggars*. His wallet contained nothing but printed leaflets—his poems—which he exchanged for bed and board. He was the Evangelist of Beauty, preaching his gospel everywhere by reciting his verses. In the summer of 1912 he walked from Illinois to New Mexico.

To understand his development, one should read his books not according to the dates of formal publication, but in the following order: *A Handy Guide for Beggars, Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty, The Art of the Moving Picture*—these three being mainly in prose. Then one is ready for the three volumes of poetry, *General William Booth Enters into Heaven* (1913), *The Congo* (1914), and *The Chinese Nightingale* (1917). While I am writing this essay, another prose work is well under way, *The Golden Book of Springfield*, concerning which Mr. Lindsay tells me, "The actual Golden Book is a secular testament about Springfield, to be given to the city in 2018, from a mysterious source. My volume is a hypothetical forecast of the times of 2018, as well as of the Golden Book. Frankly the Lindsay the reviewers know came nearer to existing twelve years ago than to-day, my manuscripts are so far behind my notes. And a thing that has helped in this is that through changing publishers, etc., my first prose book is called my latest. If you want my ideas in order, assume the writer of the *Handy Guide for Beggars* is just out of college, of *Adventures While Preaching* beginning in the thirties, and the *Art of the Moving Picture* half-way through the thirties. The Moving Picture book in the last half embodies my main social ideas of two years ago. In mood and method, you will find *The Golden Book of Springfield* a direct descendant of the general social and religious philosophy which I crowded into the photoplay book whether it belonged there or not. I hope you will do me the favour and honour to set my work in this order in your mind, for many of my small public still think *A Handy Guide for Beggars* the keynote of my present work. But it was really my first wild dash."

The above letter was written August 8, 1917.

Like many creative writers, Mr. Lindsay is an artist not only with

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the pen, but with the pencil. He has made drawings since childhood; drawing and writing still divide his time and energy. The first impression one receives from the pictures is like that produced by the poems —strangeness. The best have that Baconian element of strangeness in the proportion which gives the final touch to beauty; the worst are merely bizarre. He says, "My claim for them is that while laboured and struggling in execution, they represent a study of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Japanese art, two most orthodox origins for art, and have no relation whatever to cubism, post-impressionism, or futurism. . . . I have been very fond of Swinburne all my life, and I should say my drawing is nearer to his ornate mood than any of my writing has been. But that is a matter for your judgment." I find his pictures so interesting that I earnestly hope he will some day publish a large collection of them in a separate volume.

One of his latest developments is the idea of the *Poem Game*, which is elaborated with interesting poetic illustrations in the volume called *The Chinese Nightingale*. In giving his directions and suggestions in the latter part of this book, he remarks, "The present rhymer has no ambitions as a stage manager. The Poem Game idea, in its rhythmic picnic stage, is recommended to amateurs, its further development to be on their own initiative. Informal parties might divide into groups of dancers and groups of chanters. The whole might be worked out in the spirit in which children play King William was King James's Son, London Bridge. . . . The main revolution necessary for dancing improvisers, who would go a longer way with the Poem Game idea, is to shake off the Isadora Duncan and the Russian precedents for a while, and abolish the orchestra and piano, replacing all these with the natural meaning and cadences of English speech. The work would come closer to acting than dancing is now conceived."

Here is a good opportunity for house parties, in the intervals of Red Cross activities; and while I am writing this, word comes to me from the University of Chicago, that on February 15, 1918, at Mandel Hall, *The Chinese Nightingale* was given with a spoken chorus of twelve girls, selected for their speaking voices. From the testimony of one of the professors at the university, it is clear that the performance was a success, realising something of Mr. Lindsay's idea of the union of the arts, with Poetry at the centre.

Among the games given in verse by the author in the latter part of *The Chinese Nightingale* volume is one called *The Potatoes' Dance*, which appears to me to approach most closely to the original purpose. It is certainly a jolly poem. But whether these games are played by laughing choruses of youth or only by the firelight in the fancy of a solitary reader, the validity of Vachel Lindsay's claim to the title of Poet may be settled at once by witnessing the transformation of a filthy rumhole into a sunlit forest. As Edmond Rostand looked at a dunghill, and saw the vision of Chantecleer, so Vachel Lindsay looked at some drunken niggers and saw the vision of the Congo.

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,

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Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
Hard as they were able,
Boom, boom, BOOM,
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision,
I could not turn from their revel in derision.
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
Then along that river bank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files;
Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song
And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong. . . .
A negro fairyland swung into view,
A minstrel river
Where dreams come true.
The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky.
The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone. . . .
Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes,
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black-feet.

There are those who call this nonsense and its author a mountebank. I call it poetry and its author a poet. You never heard anything like it before; but do not be afraid of your own enjoyment. Read it aloud a dozen times, and you, too, will hear roaring, epic music, and you will see the mighty, golden river cutting through the forest.

I do not know how many towns I have visited where I have heard "What do you think of Vachel Lindsay? He was here last month and recited his verses. Most of his audience were puzzled." Yet they remembered him. What would have happened if I had asked them to give me a brief synopsis of the lecture they heard yesterday on "The Message of John Ruskin." Fear not, little flock. Vachel Lindsay is an authentic wandering minstrel. The fine phrases you heard yesterday were like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two, now gone.

General William Booth Enters into Heaven—with the accompanying instruments, which blare out from the printed page—is a sublime interpretation of one of the varieties of religious experience. Two works of genius have been written about the Salvation Army—*Major Barbara* and *General William Booth Enters into Heaven.* But *Major Barbara*, with its almost appalling cleverness—Granville Barker says the second act is the finest thing Shaw ever composed—is written, after all, from the seat of the scornful, like a metropolitan reporter at a Gospel tent; Mr. Lindsay's poem is written from the inside, from the very heart of the mystery. It is interpretation, not description. "Booth was blind," says Mr. Lindsay; "all reformers are blind." One must in turn be blind to many obvious things, blind to ridicule, blind to criticism, blind to the wisdom of this world, if one would understand a phenomenon like General Booth.

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said:
"He's come."

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(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravoes from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Dante and Milton were more successful in making pictures of hell than of heaven—no one has ever made a common conception of heaven more permanently vivid than in this poem.

See how amid the welter of crowds and the deafening crash of drums and banjos the individual faces stand out in the golden light.

Big-voiced lassies made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang. . . .
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free. . . .
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world. . . .
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl!
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

It is a pictorial, musical, and spiritual masterpiece. I am not afraid to call it a spiritual masterpiece; for to anyone who reads it as we should read all true poetry, with an unconditional surrender to its magic, General William Booth and his horde will not be the only persons present who will enter into heaven.

Vachel Lindsay needs plenty of room for his imagination—the more space he has in which to disport himself, the more impressive he becomes. His strange poem, *How I Walked Alone in the Jungles of Heaven*, has the vasty sweep congenial to his powers. *Simon Legree* is as accurate an interpretation of the negro's conception of the devil and of hell as *General William Booth* is of the Salvation Army's conception of heaven, though it is not so fine a poem. When he rises from hell or descends from heaven, he loves big, boundless things on the face of the earth, like the Western Plains and the glory of Niagara. The contrast between the bustling pettiness of the artificial city of Buffalo and the eternal fresh beauty of Niagara is like Bunyan's vision of the man busy with the muck-rake while over his head stood an angel with a golden crown.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men, in Buffalo.)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play:
Niagara, Niagara. . . .

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd,
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara, Niagara.

True poet that he is, Vachel Lindsay loves to show the contrast between transient noises that tear the atmosphere to shreds and the eternal beauty of unpretentious melody. After the thunder and the lightning comes the still, small voice. Who ever before thought of comparing the roar of the swiftly passing motor-cars with the sweet

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music of the stationary bird? Was there ever in a musical composition a more startling change from fortissimo to pianissimo?

Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking,
Listen to the quack-horns, slack and clacking.
Way down the road, trilling like a toad,
Here comes the *dice*-horn, here comes the *vice*-horn,
Here comes the *snarl*-horn, *brawl*-horn, *lewd*-horn,
Followed by the *prude*-horn, bleak and squeaking:—
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas.)
Here comes the *hod*-horn, *plod*-horn, *sod*-horn,
Nevermore-to-*roam*-horn, *loam*-horn, *home*-horn,
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas.)

Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns:—
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Dew and glory,
Love and truth,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet."

Of Mr. Lindsay's prose works, the one first written, *A Handy Guide for Beggars*, is by all odds the best. Even if it did not contain musical cadenzas, any reader would know that the author was a poet. It is full of the spirit of joyous young manhood and reckless adventure, and laughs its way into our hearts. There is no reason why Mr. Lindsay should ever apologise for this book, even if it does not represent his present attitude; it is as individual as a diary, and as universal as youth. His later prose is more careful, possibly more thoughtful, more full of information; but this has a touch of genius. Its successor, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, does not quite recapture the first fine careless rapture. Yet both must be read by students of Mr. Lindsay's verse, not only because they display his personality, but because the original data of many poems can be found among these experiences of the road. For example, *The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken*, which first appeared in 1917, is the rimed version of an incident that happened in July, 1912. It made an indelible impression on the amateur farmer, and the poem has a poignant beauty that nothing will ever erase from the reader's mind. I feel certain that I shall have a vivid recollection of this poem to the last day of my life, assuming that on that last day I can remember anything at all.

A more ambitious prose work than either of the tramp books is *The Art of the Moving Picture*. It is rather singular that Mr. Lindsay, whose poetry primarily appeals to the ear, should be so profoundly interested in an art whose only appeal is to the eye. The reason, perhaps, is twofold. He is professionally a maker of pictures as well as of chants, and he is an apostle of democracy. The moving picture is the most democratic form of art that the world has ever seen. Maude Adams reaches thousands; Mary Pickford reaches millions. It is clear that Mr. Lindsay wishes that the limitless influence of the moving picture may be used to elevate and ennoble America; for here is the greatest force ever known through which his gospel may be preached—the gospel of beauty.

Like so many other original artists, Mr. Lindsay's poetry really goes back to the origins of the art. As John Masefield is the twentieth century Chaucer, so Vachel Lindsay

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is the twentieth century minstrel. On the one occasion when he met Mr. Yeats, the Irishman asked him point-blank, "What are we going to do to restore the primitive singing of poetry?" and stayed not for an answer. Fortunately the question was put to a man who answered it by accomplishment; the best answer to any question is not an elaborate theory, but a demonstration. In *The Congo*, we have real minstrelsy. The shoulder-notes, giving detailed directions for singing, chanting, and reciting, are as charming in their way as Mr. Barrie's stage-directions. They not only show the aim of the poet; they admit the reader immediately into an inner communion with the spirit of the poem.

Everyone who reads *The Congo* or who hears it read cannot help enjoying it; which is one reason why so many are afraid to call it a great poem. For a similar reason, some critics are afraid to call Percy Grainger a great composer, because of his numerous and delightful audacities. Yet *The Congo* is a great poem, possessing as it does many of the high qualities of true poetry. It shows a splendid power of imagination, as fresh as the trackless forests it describes; it blazes with glorious colours; its music transports the listener with climax after climax; it interprets truthfully the spirit of the negro race.

I should not think of attempting to determine the relative position of Percy Grainger in music and of Vachel Lindsay in poetry; but it is clear that both men possess an amazing vitality. Is it not the lack of vital force which prevents so many accomplished artists from ever rising above the crowd? I suppose we have all read reams on reams of magazine verse exhibiting technical correctness, exactitude in language, and pretty fancy; and after a momentary unspoken tribute to the writer's skill, we straightway forget forevermore what we have read. But when a poem like *Danny Deever* appears, it is vain to call it a music-hall ballad, or to pretend that it is not high art; the fact is that the worst memory in the world will always retain it. Such a poem comes like a breeze into a close chamber; it is charged with vitality. We are in contact with a new force—a force emanating from that mysterious and inexhaustible stream whence comes every manifestation of genius. To have this super-vitality is to have genius; and although one may have with it many distressing faults of expression and an unlimited supply of bad taste, all other qualities combined cannot atone for the absence of this one primal element. Indeed the excess of wealth in energy is bound to produce shocking excrescences; our Springfield poet is sometimes absurd when he means to be sublime, bizarre when he means to be picturesque. The same is true of Walt Whitman—it is true of all creative writers whom John Burroughs calls *primary* men, in distinction from excellent artists who remain in the secondary class. Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman, John Masefield, Vachel Lindsay are primary men.

I have often wondered who would write a poem worthy of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Vachel Lindsay is the only living American who could do it, and I hope he will accept this challenge. Its awful majesty can be revealed only in verse; for it is one of the very few wonders of the world which no

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photograph and no painting can ever reproduce. Who ever saw a picture that gave him any conception of this incomparable spectacle?

In order to understand the primary impulse that drove Mr. Lindsay into writing verse and making pictures, one ought to read first of all his poem *The Tree of Laughing Bells, or The Wings of the Morning.* The first half of the title exhibits his love of resounding harmonies; the second gives an idea of the range of his imagination. His finest work always combines these two elements, melody and elevation, "and singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." I hope that the picture he drew for *The Tree of Laughing Bells* may some time be made available for all students of his work, as it was his first serious design.

Vachel Lindsay is essentially honest, for he tries to become himself exactly what he hopes the future American will be. He is a Puritan with a passion for Beauty; he is a zealous reformer filled with Falstaffian mirth; he goes along the highway, singing and dancing, distributing tracts. "Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest."

We know that two mighty streams, the Renaissance and the Reformation, which flowed side by side without mingling, suddenly and completely merged in Spenser's *Faery Queene.* That immortal song is a combination of ravishing sweetness and moral austerity. Later the Puritan became the Man on Horseback, and rode roughshod over every bloom of beauty that lifted its delicate head. Despite the genius of Milton, supreme artist plus supreme moralist, the Puritans managed somehow to force into the common mind an antagonism between Beauty and Morality which persists even unto this day. There is no reason why those two contemporaries, Oscar Wilde and the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, should stand before the London public as the champions of contending armies; for Beauty is an end in itself, not a means, and so is Conduct.

In the best work of Vachel Lindsay, we find these two qualities happily married, the zest for beauty and the hunger and thirst after righteousness. He made a soap-box tour for the Anti-Saloon League, preaching at the same time the Gospel of Beauty. As a rule, reformers are lacking in the two things most sedulously cultivated by commercial travellers and life-insurance agents, tact and humour. If these interesting orders of the Knights of the Road were as lacking in geniality as the typical reformer, they would lose their jobs. And yet fishers of men, for that is what all reformers are, try to fish without bait, at the same time making much loud and offensive noise. Then they are amazed at the callous indifference of humanity to "great moral issues."

Vachel Lindsay is irresistibly genial. Nor is any of this geniality made up of the professionally ingratiating smile; it is the foundation of his temperament. What has this got to do with his poetry? It has everything to do with it. It gives him the key to the hearts of children; to the basic savagery of a primitive black or a poor white; to peripatetic harvesters; to futurists, imagists, blue-stockings, pedants of all kinds; to evangelists, college professors, drunken sailors, tramps whose robes are lined with vermin. He is the great American democrat, not be-

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cause that is his political theory, but simply because he cannot help it.

His attitude toward other schools of art, even when he has nothing in common with them, is positively affectionate. Could there be two poets more unlike in temperament and in style than Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Masters? Yet in the volume, *The Chinese Nightingale*, we have a poem dedicated "to Edgar Lee Masters, with great respect." He speaks of "the able and distinguished Amy Lowell," and of his own poems "parodied by my good friend, Louis Untermeyer." Many of the uninformed have supposed that because he is a new poet and wholly unconventional, he must be either an "imagist" or a believer in "free verse," or both. Now as a matter of fact, his work is as near as may be to an antithesis of both these schools. He says, "I admire the work of the Imagist Poets. We exchange fraternal greetings. . . . But neither my few heterodox pieces nor my many struggling orthodox pieces conform to their patterns. . . . The Imagists emphasise pictorial effects, while the Higher Vaudeville exaggerates musical effects. Imagists are apt to omit rime, while in my Higher Vaudeville I often put five rimes on a line."

Impossible to quarrel with Vachel Lindsay. His stock of genial tolerance is inexhaustible, and makes him regard not only hostile humans, but even destructive insects, with inquisitive affection.

I want live things in their pride to remain.
I will not kill one grasshopper vain
Though he eats a hole in my shirt like a door.
I let him out, give him one chance more.
Perhaps, while he gnaws my hat in his whim,
Grasshopper lyrics occur to him.

During his tramps, the parents who unwillingly received him discovered, when he began to recite stories to their children, that they had entertained an angel unawares; and I have not the slightest doubt that on the frequent occasions when his application for food and lodging was received with a volley of curses, he honestly admired the noble fluency of his enemy. When he was harvesting, the singing stacker became increasingly and distressingly pornographic; instead of rebuking him for foulness, which would only have bewildered the stacker, Mr. Lindsay taught him the first stanza of Swinburne's chorus. "The next morning when my friend climbed into our barge to ride to the field he began:

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months, in meadow or plain,
Fills the shadows—

'Dammit, what's the rest of it? I've been trying to recite that piece all night.' Now he has the first four stanzas. And last evening he left for Dodge City to stay overnight and Sunday. He was resolved to purchase *Atalanta in Calydon* and find in the Public Library *The Lady of Shalott* and *The Blessed Damozel*, besides paying the usual visit to his wife and children."

If a man cannot understand music, painting, and poetry without loving these arts, neither can a man understand men and women and children without loving them. This is one reason why even the cleverest cynicism is never more than half the truth, and usually less.

Mr. Lindsay is a poet and a missionary. As a missionary, he wishes all Americans to be as good judges of poetry as they are, let us say, of baseball. One of the numerous joys

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of being a professional ball-player must be the knowledge that you are exhibiting your art to a prodigious assembly of qualified critics. John Sargent knows that the majority of persons who gaze at his picture of President Wilson in the Metropolitan Museum are incompetent to express any opinion; his subtlety is lost or quite misunderstood; but Tyrus Raymond Cobb knows that the hundreds of thousands who daily watch him during the summer months are quick to appreciate his consummate mastery of the game. Vachel Lindsay, I suppose, wants millions not merely to love, but to detect the finer shades of the poetic art.

If he set out to accomplish this dream by lowering the standards of poetry, then he would debase the public and be a traitor to his guild. But his method is uncompromising —he taught the harvester not Mrs. Hemans, but Swinburne. He calls his own verse the higher vaudeville. But *The Congo* is the higher vaudeville as *Macbeth* is the higher melodrama.

Mr. Lindsay is true to the oldest traditions of poetry in his successful attempts to make his verses ring and sing. He is both antique and antic. But he is absolutely contemporary, "modern," "new," in his fearlessness. He has this in common with the practicers of free verse, with the imagists, with the futurists; he is not in the least afraid of seeming ridiculous. There can be no progress in art until artists overcome wholly this blighting fear. It is the lone individual, with his name stamped all over him, charging into the safely anonymous mass; but that way lies the Advance.

When Thomas Carlyle took up the study of Oliver Cromwell, he found that all previous historians had tried to answer this question: What is the masque that Oliver wore And suddenly the true answer came to him in the form of another question: What if it should prove to be no masque at all, but just the man's own face? So there are an increasingly large number of readers who are discerning in the dauntless gambols of Vachel Lindsay, not the masque of buffoonery, worn to attract attention, but a real poet, dancing gaily with bronchos, children, field-mice and potatoes.

Such unquenchable vitality, such bubbling exuberance, cannot always be graceful, cannot always be impressive. But the blunders of an original man are sometimes more fruitful than the correctness of a copyist. Furthermore, blunders sometimes make for wisdom and truth. Let us not forget Vachel Lindsay's poem on Columbus:

> Would that we had the fortunes of Columbus,
> Sailing his caravels a trackless way,
> He found a Universe—he sought Cathay.
> God give such dawns as when, his venture o'er,
> The Sailor looked upon San Salvador.
> God lead us past the setting of the sun
> To wizard islands, of august surprise;
> God make our blunders wise.

II—COLD PASTORAL!

The difference between Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost is the difference between a drum-major and a botanist. The former marches gaily at the head of his big band, looking up and around at the crowd; the latter finds it sweet

> with unuplifted eyes
> To pace the ground, if path be there or none.

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Robert Frost, the poet of New England, was born at San Francisco, and published his first volume in London. Midway between these two cities lies the enchanted ground of his verse; for he belongs to New England as wholly as Whittier, as truly as Mr. Lindsay belongs to Illinois. He showed his originality so early as March 26, 1875, by being born at San Francisco; for although I have known hundreds of happy Californians, men and women whose love for their great State is a religion, Robert Frost is the only person I ever met who was born there. That beautiful country is frequently used as a spring-board to heaven; and that I can understand, for the transition is less violent than from some other points of departure. But why so few natives?

Shamelessly I lift the following biographical facts from Miss Amy Lowell's admirable essay on our poet. At the age of ten, the boy was moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts. He went to school, and disliked the experience. He tried Dartmouth and later Harvard, staying a few months at the first and two years at the second. Between these academic experiences he was married. In 1900 he began farming in New Hampshire. In 1911 he taught school, and in 1912 went to England. His first book of poems, *A Boy's Will*, was published at London in 1913. The review in *The Academy* was ecstatic. In 1914 he went to live at Ledbury, where John Masefield was born, and where in the neighbourhood lived W. W. Gibson. His second volume, *North of Boston*, was published at London in 1914. Miss Lowell quotes a sentence, full of insight, from the review in the *Times*. "Poetry burns up out of it, as when a faint wind breathes upon smouldering embers." In March, 1915, Mr. Frost returned to America, bringing his reputation with him. He bought a farm in New Hampshire among the mountains, and in 1916 appeared his third volume, *Mountain Interval*.

Was there ever a better illustration of the uncritical association of names than the popular coupling of Robert Frost with Edgar Lee Masters? They are similar in one respect; they are both poets. But in the glorious army of poets, it would be difficult to find two contemporaries more wholly unlike both in the spirit and in the form of their work than Mr. Frost and Mr. Masters. Mr. Frost is as far from free verse as he can stretch, as far as Longfellow; and while he sometimes writes in an ironical mood, he never indulges himself in cynicism. As a matter of fact, Mr. Frost is nearer in his art to Mr. Lindsay than to Mr. Masters; for his theory of poetry, which I confess I cannot understand, requires the poet to choose words entirely with reference to their spoken value.

His poetry is more interesting and clearer than his theories about it. I once heard him give a combination reading-lecture, and after he had read some of his poems, all of which are free from obscurity, he began to explain his ideas on how poetry should be written. He did this with charming modesty, but his "explanations" were opaque. After he had continued in this vein for some time, he asked the audience which they would prefer to have him do next—read some more of his poems, or go on talking about poetry? He obtained from his hearers an immediate response, picked up his book, and read in admirable fashion his excel-

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lent verse. We judge poets by their poems, not by their theories.

Robert Frost is an out-door poet. Even when he gives a picture of an interior, the people are always looking out of the windows at something or other. In his poems we follow the procession of the seasons, with the emphasis on autumn and winter. One might be surprised at the infrequency of his poems on spring, were it not for the fact that his knowledge of the country is so precise and definite. Spring is more beautiful in the city than in the country; it comes with less alloy. No one has ever drawn a better picture of a country road in the pouring rain, where "the hoof-prints vanish away."

In spite of his preoccupation with the exact value of oral words, he is not a singing lyrist. There is not much *bel canto* in his volumes. Nor do any of his poems seem spontaneous. He is a thoughtful man, given to meditation; the meanest flower or a storm-bedraggled bird will lend him material for poetry. But the expression of his poems does not seem naturally fluid. I suspect he has blotted many a line. He is as deliberate as Thomas Hardy, and cultivates the lapidary style. Even in the conversations frequently introduced into his pieces, he is as economical with words as his characters are with cash. This gives to his work a hardness of outline in keeping with the New England temperament and the New Hampshire climate. There is no doubt that much of his peculiarly effective dramatic power is gained by his extremely careful expenditure of language.

It is, of course, impossible to prescribe boundary lines for a poet, although there are critics who seem to enjoy staking out a poet's claim. While I have no intention of building futile walls around Mr. Frost's garden, nor erecting a sign with the presumptuous prohibition of trespassing beyond them, it is clear that he has himself chosen to excel in quality of produce rather than in variety and range. In the first poem of the first volume, he concludes as follows:

> They would not find me changed from him they knew—
> Only more sure of all I thought was true.

This is certainly a precise statement of the impression made on the reader who studies his three books in chronological order. *A Boy's Will*, as befits a youth who has lived more in himself than in the world, is more introspective than either *North of Boston* or *Mountain Interval;* but this habit of introspection gave him both the method and the insight necessary for the accurate study of nature and neighbours. He discovered what other people were like, simply by looking into his own heart. And in *A Boy's Will* we find that same penetrating examination of rural scenes and common objects that gives to the two succeeding works the final stamp of veracity. I do not remember ever having seen a phrase like the following, though the phrase instantly makes the familiar picture leap into that empty space ever before the reader's eye—that space, which like bare wall-paper, seems to demand a picture on its surface.

Or highway where the slow wheel pours the sand.

It is fortunate that the law of diminishing returns—which every farmer is forced to heed—does not apply to pastoral poets. Out of the same soil Robert Frost has successfully raised three crops of the same

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produce. He might reply that in the intervals he has let the ground lie fallow—but my impression is that he is really working it all the time.

The sharp eye of the farmer sees nothing missed by our poet, but the poet has interpretation as well as vision. He not only sees things but sees things in their relations; and he knows that not only is everything related to every other thing, but that all things are related to the eternal mystery, their source and their goal. This is why the yellow primrose is so infinitely more than a yellow primrose. This also explains why the poems of Mr. Frost, after stirring us to glad recognition of their fidelity, leave us in a muse.

His studies of human nature are the purest realism. They are conversations rather than arias, for he uses the speaking, not the singing voice. Poets are always amazing us, and some day Robert Frost may astonish me by writing a romantic ballad. It would surely be a surprise, for with his lack of operatic accomplishment, and his fondness for heroes in homespun, he would seem almost ideally unfitted for the task. This feeling I find strengthened by his poem called *An Equal Sacrifice*, the only one of his pieces where anything like a ballad is attempted, and the only one in all three books which seems to be an undeviating failure. It is as flat as a pancake, and ends with flat moralising. Mr. Frost is particularly unsuccessful at preaching.

No, apart from his nature poems, his studies of men and women are most impressive when they follow the lines of Doric simplicity in the manner of the powerful stage-plays written by Susan Glaspell. The rigidity of the mould seems all the better fitted for the suppressed passion it contains, just as liquid fire is poured into a vessel with unyielding sides. His two most successful poems of this kind are *Home Burial*, in *North of Boston*, and *Snow*, in *Mountain Interval*. The former is not so much a tragedy as the concentrated essence of tragedy. There is enough pain in it to furnish forth a dozen funerals. It has that centrifugal force which Mr. Calderon so brilliantly suggests as the main characteristic of the dramas of Chekhov. English plays are centripetal; they draw the attention of the audience to the group of characters on the stage; but Chekhov's, says Mr. Calderon, are centrifugal; they throw our regard off from the actors to the whole class of humanity they represent. Just such a remark applies to *Home Burial;* it makes the reader think of the thousands of farmhouses darkened by similar tragedies. Nor is it possible to quote a single separate passage from this poem, for each line is so absolutely necessary to the total effect that one must read every word of it to feel its significance. It is a masterpiece of tragedy. And it is curious, as one continues to think about it, as one so often does on finishing a poem by Robert Frost, that we are led first to contemplate the number of such tragedies, and finally to contemplate a stretch of life of far wider range—the broad, profound difference between a man and a woman. Are there any two creatures on God's earth more unlike? In this poem the man is true to himself, and for that very reason cannot in his honest, simple heart comprehend why he should appear to his own wife as if he were some frightful monster. He is perplexed, amazed,

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and finally enraged at the look of loathing in the wide eyes of his own mate. It was a little thing—his innocent remark about a birch fence—that revealed to her that she was living with a stranger. Grief never possesses a man as it does a woman, except when the grief is exclusively concerned with his own bodily business, as when he discovers that he has cancer. To the last day of human life on earth, it will seem incomprehensible to a woman that a man, on the very day of a death in the family, can sit down and eat with gusto a hearty meal. For bodily appetite, which is the first thing to leave a woman, is the last to leave a man; and when it has left every other part of his frame, it sometimes has a repulsive survival in his eyes. The only bridge that can really cross this fathomless chasm between man and woman is the bridge of love.

The dramatic quality of *Snow* is suspense. The object through which the suspense is conveyed to the reader is the telephone, employed with such tragic effect at the Grand Guignol. Mr. Frost's art in colloquial speech has never appeared to better advantage than here, and what a wave of relief when the voice of Meserve is heard! It is like a resurrection.

In order fully to appreciate a poem like *Mending Wall*, one should hear Mr. Frost read it. He reads it with such interpretative skill, with subtle hesitations and pauses for apparent reflection, that the poem grows before the audience even as the wall itself. He hesitates as though he had a word in his hands, and was thinking what would be exactly the best place to deposit it—even as the farmer holds a stone before adding it to the structure. For this poem is not written, it is built. It is built of separate words, and like the wall it describes, it takes two to build it, the author and the reader. When the last line is reached, the poem is finished.

Nearly every page in the poetry of Robert Frost gives us the pleasure of recognition. He is not only sincere, he is truthful—by which I mean that he not only wishes to tell the truth, but succeeds in doing so. This is the fundamental element in his work, and will, I believe, give it permanence.

GOOD HOURS

I had for my winter evening walk—
No one at all with whom to talk,
But I had the cottages in a row
Up to their shining eyes in snow.

And I thought I had the folk within:
I had the sound of a violin;
I had a glimpse through curtain laces
Of youthful forms and youthful faces.

I had such company outward bound.
I went till there were no cottages found.
I turned and repented, but coming back
I saw no window but that was black.

Over the snow my creaking feet
Disturbed the slumbering village street
Like profanation, by your leave,
At ten o'clock of a winter eve.

A poem like that gives not only the pleasure of recognition; it has an indescribable charm. It is the charm when joy fades, not into sorrow, but into a deep, abiding peace.

Professor Phelps's next essay will discuss the work of Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Louis Untermeyer, Conrad Aiken.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Booth Tarkington: A Biography

Booth Tarkington has achieved the fame of having a book written about him. It is a good book, too, and interesting even if, unimaginable as it seems, one is not particularly interested in Mr. Tarkington, because the author has a point of view that in itself is interesting and somewhat unusual in the criticism of living authors. Mr. Tarkington is considered "with an effort at honesty and intelligence" that contrasts with the "flood of 'blurb' tales about living authors, as florid and as empty as the gift book," and, asks the author, "Has he (Tarkington) got any justification for being around these days and for going on? Are you making a decent use of your time in reading him? Ought all his early books to be scrapped? And how, exactly, did he come about, anyhow?" Mr. Robert C. Holiday, who is responsible for this biography, *Booth Tarkington,* makes out a strong case for his client and we leave the book well convinced that Tarkington is quite a desirable citizen. Holiday used to review books for the *New York Times,* and of his reviews it was said that he seldom mentioned either the book under discussion or its author—that he just wrote. This deft criticism, however, would not apply to his book, for with all his interesting excursions into the evolution of the novel and the allusions to the famous stories of the past decade or two, he always reverts to Tarkington as an illustration of his theme.

The Boy of Him

It is as the protagonist of the boy that we are most likely to think of Tarkington to-day, for his *Penrod* and *Penrod and Sam* are fresher in our minds than even *Monsieur Beaucaire.* And Mr. Holiday is best in his description of this phase of Tarkington's work; let us quote from his book:

> Mr. Tarkington's interpretation of the creature, boy, has a weird quality; and, one has an uncanny feeling, his studies in boy psychology call for some sort of a pathological explanation. In effect his analysis of the utterly mad workings of the boy's mind and the throbbing of his inflamed nerves is as if a boy himself had suddenly become endowed with the faculty of thinking it out aloud. That is, the author's interpretation of the boy, moving about in what is to him the cataclysm of life, does not so much seem to be the work of a mind observing him from without, as it appears to be a voice from within explaining the matter, the voice of a boy uniquely gifted with the power of self-analysis. It is as if the author had a device in his head like the plumbing giving hot and cold water to a bath-tub, and as if he could at will turn off the stream of mature thinking and turn on the boy thinking. And to recapture the sensations of twelve or of seventeen is exactly what the normal adult mind cannot do. Mr. Tarkington's earlier books might have been produced by any brilliant young writer had he happened to possess this particular author's personality, but for the production of his boy stories something else was required, something for which I really know no other name than genius, though that is a deuce of a word to have to use. However, to talk you have to use what words we have. And a genius, according to the most modern theories, bears a relationship to the so-called trance medium: he goes into a sort of trance, and produces work which no other person can produce by the

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mere application of skill and labour. The author of Penrod and William Baxter certainly is not as other men; he commands some occult power. And the joke of this mystery is that Mr. Tarkington says boy stories are the "easiest" things to write there are. He can "do any of them" in a day and a half. And he thinks that "anybody could do it."

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More Guest-Room Shelf

Christopher Morley's guest-room shelf continues to stir the interest (and ire) of our readers and, as the old Latin poet hath it, gives some of them furiously to think. Mr. Morley's guest-room is apparently adapted solely to the needs of his male friends—or is it that his women visitors are of the kind that do not read?—and his friends to qualify as visitors must have the habit of reading in bed by the soft light of a reading lamp. Mr. Morley's list comprised thirty volumes among which he was tactful enough to include the *Bible* as the thirtieth title. Last month we printed a list from Mr. Harold Crawford Stearns—in this list the *Bible* came in a poor fourth from the end. This month we have so many valuable contributions that it is with real regret that space compels the omission, at least for this month, of a few of the lists. We are printing, however, three of the letters illustrative of quite different ideals of a guest-room shelf; we especially recommend the list from the "Two Old Maids"—we confess we rather like the Two Old Maids. The letters follow:

DEAR CHRONICLER AND COMMENTATOR:

I, for one, don't yearn to sleep in Christopher Morley's guest-room!

I don't feel that his selection of bedside books is in any way representative of US, the reading-bunch-in-bed, for he selects books that one wants to read when wide awake on a cold afternoon before the fire, or in a hammock under trees in warm weather.

Reading in bed, or at bedtime, seems to me like the intense desire to eat candy one experiences immediately after church service, a sort of reactive indulgence, a kind of "now-I-can-do-as-I-please-for-the-rest-of-the-night" feeling. Habitual readers in bed must of necessity, I think, abstain from definitely "beginning a new book" in the sense that one settles to it on a free afternoon, if they did not they would never sleep and therefore could not live.

Therefore, my guest-room, if I possessed one, would hold the following books for the following reasons:

David Penstephen (Richard Pryce). Because any and every chapter in it induces more or less pleasant reminiscences of childhood that are conducive to quiet sleep.

Robinson Crusoe. Because every page reminds the reader that where there's a will there's a way.

The Rubaiyat. Because every man and most women sometime at night want to feel as happy-go-lucky and sentimental as Omar.

The Caravanners (Lady Russell). Because its opinion of the average German husband is thoroughly satisfactory to us!

The Twilight of the Gods (Lafcadio Hearn). Because it is exquisitely written and therefore is soothing.

Dr. Nikola. Because he always comes out safely and his affairs can be settled before one sleeps.

The Golden Butterfly (Besant and Rice). Because it is refreshing and never out of date.

Love and Mr. Lewisham (H. G. Wells). Because most people like to remember Wells could be so humanly amusing, and familiar.

Many Cargoes (W. W. Jacobs). Because it is so funny.

Table Talk (Boswell on Johnson). Because it is so illuminating.

The Letters of Mark Twain. Because they ought to be read anyhow.

Holy Dying (Jeremy Taylor). Because it is one of the most really ironically humourous books ever written.

My Friend Prospero (Henry Harland). Because it is light and amusing.

Books and Persons (Arnold Bennett). Because it is intensely interesting to anyone who reads anything.

Man and Superman (G. B. Shaw). Be-

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cause its arguments are utterly irrefutable and every line is witty.

The Irrational Knot (Shaw). Because it reorganises feminine minds and comforts masculine.

The Bible. Because some one might read it and become a poet.

Hymns—Ancient and Modern. Because everyone at some time wants to remember "the second verse" when in bed.

Indian Love Songs (Laurence Hope). Because when anyone wants poetry at bed time they want it pretty strong.

Barnaby Rudge (Dickens). Because someone will be certain to want to find out the name of his raven and read again of rivers of whiskey alight in the street.

Michael, or Sinister Street (Compton Mackenzie). Because it is a first-rate story.

Lavengro (George Borrow). Because all serious readers love it.

John Masefield's Poems. Because it is good to sleep with the air blowing over one.

South Sea Bubbles (Henry Kingsley and Earl Pembroke). Because no one else would be likely to have it, as it is long out of print.

Short Stories of Tragedy and Comedy (De Maupassant). Because they are short and vivid.

Voyage autour de mon jardin (?). Because it teaches a reader not to hate even spiders on the coverlet.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Because everyone likes to pretend once again, at intervals.

Ghosts (William De Morgan). Because no matter where you begin or stop you can read a few pages and love it.

The Success of Mark Wyngate (Una Silberrad). For its pure humour.

The Golden Treasury (Francis Palgrave). Absolutely essential to anyone who reads.

Poems of the Great War (Cunliffe Selection). Because on the verge of sleep we need to take only the beauty and the pathos out of the great daily stress and pain.

This is my hasty, first-thought list. It is compiled, as Morley's was, for men chiefly, but would suit most women who read at *night* in bed.

Needless to add I should occupy my guest-room myself whenever polite and reasonable!

D. M. T. Willis.

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Editor of "The Bookman":

I once knew a man who found it very hard to save money, and whose ambition it was to have a house of his own some day. Whenever he succeeded in saving a dollar, he used to ink in five bricks on the front elevation of his house plan. It is my ambition some day to have a guest-room, and you tempt me to set my first five bricks in place by selecting its bookshelf. As this is the most practical and most easily realised part of my ambition, here is my heretical selection: *Canterbury Tales.* Scott, *Journal.* Brown, *Horæ Subsecivæ.* Howell, *Familiar Letters.* Guiney, *Patrins.* Herodotus. Blackwood, *The Centaur.* Claudel, *The Annunciation to Mary.* Leith, *Sirenica.* Patmore, *Religio Poetæ.* Branch, *Heart of the Wind.* Trevena, *Matrimony.* Lamb, *Letters.* Borrow, *Bible in Spain.* Corkery, *A Munster Twilight.* Thomas, *Rest and Unrest.* Hudson, *Green Mansions.* O'Brien, *The Whale and the Grasshopper.* De La Mare, *The Listeners.* Apuleius, *Cupid and Psyche.* (Adlington's translation.) *Alice in Wonderland.* Gogol, *Dead Souls. Bhagavad-Ghita.* Traherne's *Poems.* Plato, *Phædrus.* Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris.* (Gilbert Murray's translation.) Cowper, *Letters.* Synge, *Playboy of the Western World.* Gil Blas. Meredith, *Ordeal of Richard Feverel.* Pepys. De Retz, *Memoirs.* Burney, *Evelina.* Trollope, *Barchester Towers.* Cellini, *Memoirs. The Three Musketeers.* Gillis, *The Cape Breton Giant.*

Edward J. O'Brien.

South Yarmouth, Mass.
March 3, 1918.

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Editor of "The Bookman":

Interesting as we found the guest-room book lists of the two men, we beg to submit a rather different list for women guests who read in bed. We can only hope the men will not feel sorry for our guests.

Here is the list: the *Bible;* Maeterlinck's *Treasure of the Humble,* and *The Blue Bird;* Jacobs's *Many Cargoes;* Kipling's *Day's Work; The Trimmed Lamp,* by O. Henry; Poems of Alfred Noyes; *Twenty Years at Hull House,* by Jane Addams; Crothers's *Gentle Reader;* Walpole's *Fortitude;* Leacock's *Literary Lapses;* Stevenson's *Virginibus et Puerisque; The Open Road,* by E. V. Lucas; Edna Ferber's *Personality Plus; The Gardener,* by Tagore; Van Dyke's *Blue Flower; The Great Tradition and Other Stories,* by K. F. Gerould; the Carlyle *Letters;* Tarkington's *Penrod,* and *Monsieur Beaucaire;* Marcus Aurelius's *Thoughts;* Gibson's *Journal of Our Legation in Belgium; Friendship,* by Hugh

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Black; *The Forest Lovers,* by Hewlett; Cram's *Substance of Gothic;* Lady Mary Montagu's *Letters;* Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles;* Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy;* Braithwaite's *Book of Elizabethan Verse;* Conrad's *Chance;* and the 1917 BOOKMAN.

TWO OLD MAIDS.

New York City,
March 1, 1918.

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The All-Highest Goes to Jerusalem

Le Rire of Paris is to France what *Punch* is to England and *Life* to the United States. Soon after the Emperor of Germany's journey to Constantinople and the Holy Land, nearly twenty years ago, the whole French nation was convulsed over an issue of *Le Rire* which purported to reveal the private travel notes of the Kaiser on what he termed his divine mission. The explanations upon the title page of *Le Rire,* as originally published, were as follows:

TOUR OF WILLIAM THE II—15 DAYS IN TURKEY, PALESTINE, JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

In view of the demand of the itinerary only a single performance will be given in each locality.

Soldiers will be admitted for half price.

THIS NUMBER IS PROHIBITED IN GERMANY.

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Leading a Cook's Tour

As France and Germany were at this time theoretically at peace, a mild attempt was made by the French Government to suppress the issue; but everyone secured a copy and the laugh was general at the Kaiser's expense. The witty author wrote with a prophetic vision. He might well have written yesterday. We now see the fruits of His Majesty's intrigue with the Sultan and his pompous entrance into the Holy Land. The taking of Jerusalem by British forces has a significance for the Christian world which can hardly be overestimated, and at this juncture the publication of a translation of this shrewd and delightful *jeu d'esprit* is particularly opportune. The French satirist beholds the August One leading a Cook's tour, and nothing more delicious has ever been printed about the German Emperor and his weakness for occupying the centre of the stage and living in the spotlight. Thus the jest begins:

Le Rire offers to its readers to-day the impressions of this trip to the Orient of Emperor William II; these impressions were written by the august traveller himself. This is how we procured them; the Emperor wrote every evening the recital of the day's events upon the leaves of a little note-book which never left him. On retiring at night William II placed this note-book under his bolster; on rising he placed it (the note-book, not the bolster, let it be understood) in the left pocket of his coat.

Wednesday, at the moment when the Emperor had just fallen asleep one of our men stole the note-book and brought it away. In less time than it takes to tell it we photographed the written pages which we here transcribe; and, a few moments afterward, the secret document was replaced under the head of the sleeping Sovereign. One sees how simple it was! Only the matter had to be thought out.

We have accomplished the greatest stroke of reporting that has been seen for a long time.

The first entry in the Diary is:

"October 15. I have always loved to travel; in spite of the fact that one is an Emperor, it teaches you many things of which you are ignorant. The Orient especially attracts me and I would like to lead there a peaceful crusade; all the Sovereigns of any consequence have gone there from their journey into Asia Minor.

"It is not that I profess great sympathy for the Christians of Syria. I hold them, if I dare to say so, in slight esteem. But the mission which I have received from the King of Kings leads me to the banks of the Jordan; and then Pierre Loti asserts that it is necessary to see the Jordan; now I

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have confidence in Pierre Loti, who was a soldier."

On October 18 the Tour began. The Emperor wrote: "I gave the signal for departure myself by blowing into a little order-trumpet. The train starts. I climb aboard and install myself in the compartment for *Sovereigns only*.

"I take out this note-book in order to write my impressions.

"What do I feel?

"Nothing."

The Emperor was disappointed in Venice. He recorded:

"Humberto kisses me. I return it, and this will do for a few years. When they see me here again it will be hot.

"I gain the *Hohenzollern* and they raise the anchor.

"October 20. At sea, on board the ——— yes, I have already said that.

"What do I feel?

"Always nothing!

"This absence of impressions begins to disturb me.

"October 21. I am not well.

"October 24. As I awakened, the Sultan sent me the brevet of Corporal of Turkish Infantry. By chance, I had brought the costume; I put it on; Abdul informs me that they are going to have a review in my honour. At last I shall have some distraction.

"Four o'clock. I return; the review did not satisfy me; the men manœuvred like firemen."

From Turkey the Emperor proceeded to the Holy Land:

"October 31. I announced a trip to Bethlehem to be followed by a sermon in my own style. I do not know but that that was a mistake, as no one followed me.

"It is from Bethlehem that the custom came of placing shoes in the chimney Christmas eve; it must be a curious custom, as there are no chimneys and no shoes to speak of.

"I asked to see the famous stable; they showed it to me, or rather the first one at hand. For want of preservation the veritable stable has disappeared. Always the lack of organisation."

ESCORT OF HONOUR SUPPLIED BY THE SULTAN TO THE KAISER

Frank Alvah Dearborn is the translator of the Diary.

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A List for Patriotic Reading

The ordinary reading list is anything but interesting; but the Patriotism book recently compiled by Miss Annie Carroll Moore, supervisor of the work with children in the New York Public Library, is a notable exception. A little book of sixty pages, it shows how the idea and ideals of freedom and justice and liberty, handed down to us through the centuries, are influencing our lives to-day. To boys and girls of high-school age, for whom it was originally planned, and to their

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elders it is alike alluring. It attracts the immigrant child, who finds the liberty for which his father or grandfather struggled one and the same with the liberty making the background of his new home. And to the American child, American of many generations, who thinks of all history as dating from 1776, and that date meaning only "the time we licked the British," is suggested a new viewpoint, connecting our own history with Europe's and counteracting the harm done by the school-books' isolation of America, by grouping Pitt with Webster and Wendell Phillips, and giving a Washington quotation from Thackeray.

• • •

Quotations from Every Age

Besides the winning of freedom for the various nations, the list suggests abundant reading on the individual fighters for freedom — ancient and modern—of many lands. But the ideals for which they fought are eternal verities, identical in every age. Glance at the quotations and see how, with scarcely a word changed, they apply to-day—Judas Maccabeus and Marshal Joffre, Pershing and William Wallace, David and Achilles, Manzoni linking up with Mr. Britling, Wolfe with the Anzacs. The list includes also reading about the flag, patriotic plays, the songs of the nations and their epics—listed here not so much as literature as living history; poetry, letters and journals from the front; and addresses showing how President Wilson and Viviani are reviving the literature of oratory. Work out for yourself the significance of the space given to Germany—just two references, the result of days of research work. Notice, too, that they both refer to Germans who lived in America—Schurz's volume on Lincoln, and Root's address on the author of our Civil War military code.

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A Reading Help for Everyone

Not by chance were these pages made so attractive to the eye. Really it is most "unlibrarian," with its varying arrangement of the books, if that word means only painstakingly tabulated work. Wherever you open it, the list is attractive, the generously used quotations stimulating your mind, like colour on a poster. Not by chance are there so many references which are only a chapter, only ten or twenty pages—short cuts to thoroughly readable history and dramatic biography. Here are brought together, in a beautiful chain, the nations and the heroes associated with freedom through the ages. They are like beads of many colours, strung on the golden thread of patriotism. The New York Public Library will send a copy of this patriotism list for ten cents, to cover the cost of printing and postage; in quantity the charge is four dollars a hundred. THE BOOKMAN will gladly forward orders.

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A Literary Enigma

There has recently turned up in England, from goodness knows where, a singular and hilarious contraption which seems immediately to have become there a kind of national enjoyment, like Bank Holiday. This is called *The Book of Artemas* (just issued in this country); and a popular sport on the other side appears to be to try to guess who wrote it. The book went

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THE LONDON "BOOKMAN" PRESENTS THESE FEATURES AS THOSE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF ARTEMAS"

to twenty-eight editions in a few months, and was variously ascribed to G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Barrie, Hilaire Belloc, Bernard Shaw, and others of the most piquant and distinguished of writers.

"Artemas" relieves the tension everyone feels in his perplexity as to whether the war is being well conducted, by hitting off all the absurdities brought about by the war. Conscientious objectors, prohibitionists, politicians, journalists, munition workers, meatless days, lightless nights, and all that kind of thing figures in the satire. In England the papers are full of the book, and its quips have become catchwords of the day. *Punch* has got many a jest out of the book. And England is still kept guessing. The book is most humorously written, and printed, in the biblical style. A portion of the part directly concerning America follows:

CHAPTER XV

1 *Concerning the land of Amer.* 4 *And the ruler thereof.* 11 *Certain men of Amer are slain.* 12 *Wudro, the son of Wyl, writeth an epistle.* 26 *He writeth again.* 27 *He writeth many times.* 28 *Certain men do question him.* 38 *He revealeth himself.*

Now the land of Amer was at the other side of the sea *that is* Atlantic, and it *was* many days' sail in a ship from the island of En.

2 And the bounds of that land were set far apart, and the people that did live there were more numerous than the waves of all the seas.

3 And it was a fertile land of extreme fruitfulness, and the earth *underneath* it yielded precious metals in abundance. And the people were for ever extolling its greatness *amongst* the nations of the earth.

4 ¶ Now the ruler of the land of Amer was a certain man and his name was Wudro, the son of Wyl; and it happened in *this wise.*

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5 Whilst Wudro, the son of Wyl, was tending his flock of young men in the pasture *that is* knowledge, and after he had taught them how they should go and what things they should know,

6 Behold, the men of Amer came unto him, saying, We have chosen thee for to rule over us; and we have *brought* thee an high hat for to wear as the badge of thine office; and the size of the hat, *it is* six and seven-eighths.

7 And because he knew not what he was letting himself *in for,* he gave way to their importuning, and did put on the high hat, the *size* whereof was six and seven-eighths.

8 And it came to pass that when the men of En fought against the men of Hu, they did send messengers unto the land of Amer for to buy them munitions for the war. And they took *with them* gold in great quantity wherewith to satisfy the merchants that did sell unto them. Therefore did the land of Amer prosper exceedingly.

9 Now when the men of Hu found out that *there was* peril in the enterprise, they forbore to send out vessels of war for to fight; in place thereof, they did send them out for to murder those that *were* peaceful and did *sail* the seas without any weapon *wherewith* to defend themselves. . . .

CHAPTER XVI

1 *Wudro delivereth a warning.* 5 *Willi seeketh advice.* 9 *And taketh it.* 10 *Wudro acteth according to his word.* 11 *Whereat Willi is amazed.* 13 *He speaketh boastfully.* 17 *Wudro setteth about the matter.* 22 *He frighteneth Willi.* 23 *Who perceiveth the blessings of peace.*

Now the longest rope, *it hath* an end. Wherefore it came to pass *in time* that Wudro, the son of Wyl, did send unto Willi, that was the King of the Hu, and he said unto him,

2 Such things and such things hast thou done, *all these* being against thy plighted word; and thine iniquity, it hath tormented me for a long *time* past. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, *and* pay attention:

3 Because I am a man of peace, therefore have I borne with thee long *enough;* and I am become sick unto death *with* thy carryings *on.* And the blood of my murdered people, it crieth out for retribution.

4 Take heed, *therefore,* and mend the evil of thy ways, for, *on the* next occasion, assuredly shalt thou rue the day.

5 And when Willi had heard *these* things that Wudro, the son of Wyl, did say unto him, he sent in haste unto his chief captains, and he did commune *with them.*

6 And he questioned them closely concerning the words of Wudro. And he said unto them, Think ye that this man, he meaneth *anything?*

7 And they made answer unto him, saying, Be of good cheer and heed him not, for he is a man that acteth only *according to* his advantage. And to make war, it would advantage him nothing. For the land of Amer, it prospereth exceedingly; and the miller turneth not away *that stream* which worketh his wheel.

8 Also he liveth afar off and his servants, *they are* unready. Verily, the threats of such an one, they be full of emptiness; and whatsoever he sayeth, that hath he *also* said before. *Nevertheless,* we will smite him *because* of it when the time is ripe.

9 And after Willi had heard all the things that the captains of his host did say unto him, his heart was rejoiced *within* him, and he said unto them, Assuredly are ye men after mine own understanding. Let us, therefore, see *about* it. And they did see *about* it.

• • •

Ian Hay's Lecture Returns

Readers of *The First Hundred Thousand* and *All In It*, who have heard Major Ian Hay Beith lecture on the war will be interested to know that during 1916 and 1917 Major Beith delivered more than one hundred and seventy-five addresses throughout the United States. For ninety-one of these addresses he received a fee which enabled him to give the remaining eighty-four gratuitously to training camps, workingmen's clubs, and other organisations. After paying personal expenses, hire of buildings, royalty on films, and advertising, Major Beith was enabled to hand over to various war relief societies, such as the American and British Red Cross, and certain British regimental benevolent funds, the sum of eight thousand six hundred and sixty-

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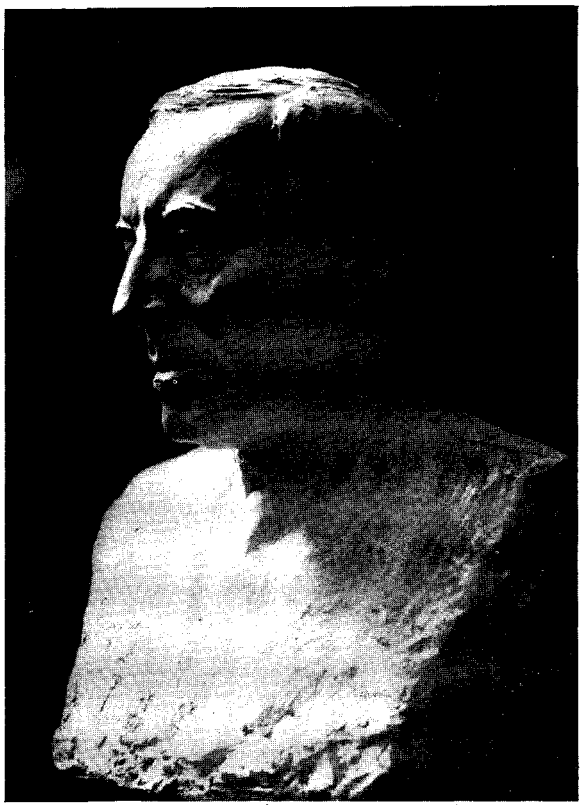

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THE BUST OF PRESIDENT WILSON, BY THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR, JO DAVIDSON, EXHIBITED RECENTLY BY THE "ALLIED SCULPTORS" AT THE RITZ-CARLTON IN NEW YORK. MR. WILSON POSED FOR A WHILE EVERY DAY FOR TWO WEEKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, AND THE SCULPTOR, MR. DAVIDSON, SAYS THAT THE PRESIDENT'S MOBILE FACE SEEMED TO PRESENT A DIFFERENT ASPECT EVERY DAY. OBSERVE THE LIGHTING EFFECTS OBTAINED IN THIS EXCEPTIONALLY FINE PHOTOGRAPH

seven dollars. This sum represents Major Beith's personal contribution, and does not include sums raised by public meetings in aid of various war charities at which he happened to be the speaker, or one of the speakers, of the evening. Major Beith receives no allowance or travelling expenses of any kind from the British Government.

• • •

Women in War Work

The women of America have mobilised for war service so swiftly, so effectually, and in such large numbers, that although Ida Clyde Clarke's interesting and inspiring *American Women and the World War* is a thick volume, she has been obliged to relate the history of their efforts with the utmost conciseness. For, despite the fact that their work is being extended so rapidly that new fields of labour are literally being ploughed and reaped over-night, so

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much has already been accomplished that a detailed account of it would fill a good-sized library. Mrs. Clarke devotes a large portion of her book to the activities of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence, a brief account of which was published in the January BOOKMAN in an article by Miss Louise Maunsell Field. The work of the Red Cross, the National League for Woman's Service, the state organisations, the numerous relief organisations, and last but by no means least, of those associations which existed before the war, and have added war service to their other duties, is here clearly outlined. And while the author has limited herself to direct war service, saying nothing about that work which releases men for the Front, she has provided an excellent reference book for the many women who want to know how they can best "do their bit"—and something more—as well as put into convenient form a record of which all Americans may well be proud.

MAJOR STEWART EDWARD WHITE, WHOSE "SIMBA" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED

• • •

"John Ayscough"

"John Ayscough" is the pen name of Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew, K.H.S. He was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1858, the son of an Anglican minister, and was converted to the Catholic Faith in 1878, was ordained a priest in 1884, was made a Domestic Prelate and Protonotary Apostolic and decorated with the Cross Pro Ecclesiæ et Pontifice by Pius X. Before the war he was senior chaplain at Plymouth, England, but is now at the front. His novels *San Celestino* and *Faustula* are especially well known. A new book from his able pen, under the title *The Tideway*, has just been announced for publication this month.

• • •

Madame Breshkovsky in Hiding

The whereabouts of Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," is a matter of deep concern to her many American friends. Her American biographer, Alice Stone Blackwell (her book is *The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution*), says:

> Madame Breshkovsky, as we know, represented the pro-war Socialists, and was in full sympathy with Kerensky. I therefore supposed that the cablegram announcing her arrest by the Bolsheviki might be true. But Miss Lillian D. Wald, of the Henry Street Settlement, New York, informs me that Madame Breshkovsky's friends say that she is now in hiding, but that she has not been arrested.

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DR. DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH, THE "KEEPER OF PET GHOSTS," WHO CONTRIBUTES "WAR AND THE SUPERNATURAL IN CURRENT LITERATURE" IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE BOOKMAN." A BRIEF SKETCH OF DR. SCARBOROUGH IS GIVEN IN "BOOKMAN BREVITIES"

"The latest direct news that I have had from Madame Breshkovsky was a post card received about a fortnight ago. It had come by way of Japan, and had taken a long while to get here. It was dated October 12, 1917, and was written from her special car somewhere near Moscow. She said that she was again *en route,* and that she liked it much better than 'sitting in Petrograd, with many troubles and few sane people.'"

• • •

English Book Trade Booming

The fourth holiday season of the war has, it is reported from London, been marked there by a great increase in the book trade. The general opinion among English publishers for some time, it seems, has been that the taste for fiction is diminishing to some extent, but that the taste for war books, books dealing with politics and policies before the war, international relations, the history and modern conditions of European nations and the United States, and memoirs of famous men and women are growing in popularity. In short, literary taste appears to be turning to the serious side. This opinion is borne out by the statement of the manager of one of the largest book shops in London, who told an American journalist they had never had such sales as they have had this Christmas, but serious books rather than the lighter novels were in greatest demand, and of these books pertaining to the war had first place. The list he displayed contained one hundred and fifty-five such volumes, and out of these he selected *My Four Years in Germany,* by ex-Ambassador Gerard, as the first among the three best sellers.

ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY, WHO SAYS IN HIS BOOK, "BOOTH TARKINGTON," THAT THE AUTHOR OF PENROD AND WILLIAM BAXTER "CERTAINLY IS NOT AS OTHER MEN; HE COMMANDS SOME OCCULT POWER"

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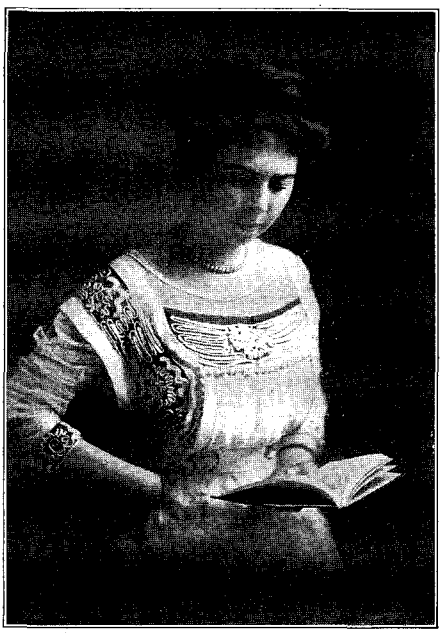
Poems by Miss Rittenhouse

Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse's new book—her first book of poetry—is reviewed elsewhere in this issue by Clement Wood, and we take especial pleasure in calling it to the attention of our readers. Mr. Wood has quoted freely, so that in addition to his able estimate we can gain for ourselves some little idea of the beautiful talent for original work possessed by this critic. It is better still, of course, to get her book, *The Door of Dreams*, and read it all. Her poems are of a rare and charming delicacy that suggest a peaceful summer afternoon out on the hills—a respite from the oppression and cares of this worst period in man's history. Consider her *Release:*



MISS JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE, SECRETARY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA, WHOSE "THE DOOR OF DREAMS" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE BY CLEMENT WOOD. MISS RITTENHOUSE CONDUCTS THE DEPARTMENT OF NEWS AND REVIEWS OF POETRY REGULARLY IN "THE BOOKMAN"

What can you care, forgetful Time,
  Who drop all sweet things by the way,
How long this voice within my heart
  Should call to me, and stay?

So loose me, Time, and let me go,
  No longer to old dreams a thrall—
Yet with what dream shall I replace
  That sweetest dream of all?

• • •

An Apostle of Poetry

Miss Rittenhouse has spent freely of her time and energy for the cause of poetry in this country. It has been nearly a decade since her charming book of appreciative essays, *The Younger American Poets*, was published, and since then she has edited two little anthologies, *The Little Book of Modern Verse* and *The Little Book of American Poets;* and it is noteworthy that her first volume, the essays, has been used at the Sorbonne and even as far afield as the University of Tokio. Miss Rittenhouse is the Secretary of the Poetry Society of America and lectures throughout the country on modern poetry. For several months her department of news and *critiques* of the poetry world has been appearing regularly in THE BOOKMAN.

• • •

The Hearn Sale

American reviewers have been suspected by their foreign brethren of an undue fondness for superlatives. In the face of this, we commit ourselves to the statement that the Hearn sale of foreign and American paintings, conducted and concluded in New York during the week of February the twenty-fifth, was an event of incalculable significance to the art of this country. It fulfilled in a sensational and unmistakable manner the beliefs and expectations of that small minority of persons who have consistently advertised and advocated the merits of American painting.

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The salient feature of the sale was the prices brought by American pictures. As against the thirty-eight thousand dollars paid for Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, the twenty thousand five hundred dollars paid for a Turner, and the eight thousand two hundred dollars paid for Daubigny's *On the Oise*, we have the thirty thousand eight hundred dollars paid for Inness's *Wood Gatherers*, the twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars paid for Wyant's *In the Adirondacks*, the seventeen thousand five hundred dollars paid for a Blakelock, and the fifteen thousand six hundred dollars paid for a Murphy by Ex-Senator W. A. Clark. The sum-total of the impression conveyed would seen to indicate, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that American painting is the dominant issue in the art world of this country today.

• • •

A National Art

Readers of THE BOOKMAN may recall that this fact has been repeatedly emphasised in these pages by our art critic, Mr. Charles L. Buchanan. In our attempts to discriminate between trends that are valid and legitimate, and trends that are transient and fictitious, we have been suspected, no doubt, of a somewhat inordinate conservatism. In our immediate time of precipitant and preposterous affectations, a tenacious adherence to what the superficial may call academic standards is, paradoxically enough, the one authentic manifestation of progress. As it happens, our "conservatism" has consisted merely of a recognition of certain concrete, demonstrable actualities. We have observed and recorded the significant and inescapable fact that the American public is buying American painting. By American painting we do not mean the kind of painting our "*cognoscenti*" would urge upon us (which is to say the kind of painting one sees in Greenwich Village or on view at the MacDowell Club or at "Independent" exhibitions or reproduced in *Vanity Fair*.) No, we mean the kind of painting that has grown out of the heart and soul of this country, the kind that includes such names as Inness, Homer, Murphy, and so on. At a time when our "advanced" gentlemen of the press are agreed that there is no such thing as an American art, we find houses of fundamentally foreign affiliations like Knoedler and Company and Scott and Fowles competing with each other in the auction

LIEUTENANT GLENN WARD DRESBACH, THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM "WHEN SPRING COMES BACK" IN THIS ISSUE. LIEUTENANT DRESBACH HAS CONTRIBUTED A NUMBER OF POEMS TO "THE BOOKMAN." A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIM WILL BE FOUND IN "BOOKMAN BREVITIES"

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room for the possession of American pictures. Perhaps it is no longer permissible for the reviewer that would avoid facile banalities to recall the monstrous amount of obtuseness and superficiality that has opposed a clear proclamation and an equitable estimate of this subject. When at some future time a competent and comprehensive history of American painting shall be written, wonder will no doubt be expressed at the lack of perception displayed by those critics of our own time that were not only incapable of seeing and responding to sublimities of vision and integrities of purpose in our painting, but were, moreover, incapable of perceiving the dominant trend of the art of their country and the authentic gist of its development.

• • •

More for Art Than for Criticism

So much of the field of art criticism has been invaded by the Jungle, with its tropical exuberance of personality and its atmosphere of tense struggle for existence between the artists who have been caught in its verbiage, that it is pleasant to come on such a cool, clear spring of interpretation as Mr. Frederic Fairchild Sherman's *Landscape and Figure Painters of America.* A comment of his on the spirit of modern painting would, with the change of a word or two, serve as a description of his own ideal of criticism: "There is a lot of feeling in contemporary landscape art, but too much of it is personal feeling and not enough the feeling, the sentiment, the mood of Nature herself." He does not adventure forth like a lion-hunter among masterpieces, but more as a sympathetic naturalist; and he is even inclined to neglect the masterpieces altogether for the work of solitary, serious, somewhat epic souls, like Homer Martin, Albert Ryder, and Elliott Daingerfield, whom the everyday world is apt to slight. The shadow of a somberer world which falls across his appreciation of Miss Lillian Genth's lyrics to sunshine and youth is equally symbolic of his turn of mind: "The tragedy of bent forms and misshapen bodies, the endless drama of the human face, has, as yet, no representation in her work." It is a book for those who care more for art than for criticism, and more for life than for art.

• • •

The American Short Story, Its Apologia

Edward J. O'Brien's book of *The Best Short Stories of 1917* has just been issued, and in putting it out Mr. O'Brien says: "I deny that the American short story is at a low ebb, and I offer the present review as a revelation of the best that is now being done in this field. I agree that the best stories are only to be found after a laborious, dusty search, but this is the proof rather than the refutation of my position. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organised criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current of life which flows through the best of our work, and the psychological and imaginative reality that our writers have conferred upon it. During the past year I have sought to select from the stories published in American magazines those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic and artistic form."

In this number of THE BOOKMAN Mr. O'Brien makes a discussion of the volumes of short stories that have come from the publishers so far

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this season; and there will begin in the May BOOKMAN a department of "War Echoes," to be conducted by Mr. O'Brien, as announced in these columns last month.

The Champlain Studios, N. Y.

RICHARDSON WRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER"—A MANUAL OF ARMS FOR AMERICAN MOTHERS—EDITOR OF "HOUSE AND GARDEN," AND CHIEF STURGEON OF THE SMALL FRY, A LUNCHEON CLUB OF YOUNGER PUBLISHERS, AUTHORS AND EDITORS

The Home Trenches

Richardson Wright, editor of *House and Garden*, and author of two important works on Russia, is of the opinion that there are two trenches the Allies must hold if the Kaiser is to be vanquished. "One," says Mr. Wright, "runs through France, the other cuts through the hearts of the mothers back home." It is to help the mothers of soldiers hold the "home trench" that Mr. Wright has written his new volume, *Letters to the Mother of a Soldier*. It is a war manual for mothers, going straight to the bottom of the doubts and fears which are apt to do as deadly work at home as the gas bombs and bullets do at the front.

• • •

Née Carolyn Wells

Miss Carolyn Wells, author of a round hundred books, whose latest volumes, *Faulkner's Folly*, a mystery story for adults—likely to be much enjoyed by younger readers, and *Doris of Dobb's Ferry*, a mystery story for the young — enticing enough for the more mature, were recently published, has let it be known that about the Easter holidays she is to marry Mr. Hadwin Houghton, of New York City. The engagement has just been announced.

• • •

The Ubiquitous "F.P.A."

Mr. Franklin P. Adams, the "F. P. A." gentleman who for so long was the faithful typographical critic of THE BOOKMAN and who incidently conducted a "Conning Tower" in the *New York Tribune*, is now a captain in the army and will sail sometime for somewhere in France to conduct a new "Conning Tower" for the soldiers. This new "tower" will be a feature of the *Stars and Stripes*, the trench newspaper of our expeditionary force in France—may it give the boys "over there" a full measure of the pleasure we on this side have enjoyed in Mr. Adams's work and may there be a French counterpart to THE BOOKMAN to afford Mr. Adams exercise for that all-discerning eye of his, for which there is nothing typographical hidden, neither in the heavens above nor the earth beneath nor in the waters under the earth. Good fortune to F.P.A., patriot and satirist!

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R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, "DOING HIS BIT" IN URUGUAY, AS HEAD OF A GOVERNMENT COMMISSION TO BUY WAR HORSES IN THE PAMPAS. HE NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH, RECENTLY, FROM THE KICK OF A BAGUAL, OR HALF-WILD HORSE

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AN ARTIST-FIGHTER IN ENGLISH PROSE: CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

BY AMY WELLINGTON

THE first American publication of R. B. Cunninghame Graham's stories and sketches (nine volumes in all) is a literary event of no little importance, for it makes easily accessible to curious American readers the work of perhaps the boldest, most original and unpopular of living British writers. For many years, these sincere studies of life, intense and vivid, striking a blow, now here, now there, at some cruelty or hypocrisy in our civilisation, have added a fascination to serious English periodicals; appearing later in book form under such enigmatic and ironical titles as *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Success* and *Progress*. They are a unique artistic record of the author's adventures in Spain and Morocco, on the South American pampas, and in his native Scotland—a record of his adventures and his hostilities.

Cunninghame Graham is a romantic figure, as one may see by looking at John Lavery's superb portrait of him in his youth,—a man of action more than of the study, following the tradition of Spanish writers since Cervantes fought with sword and pen. A Scotch baronet, of Spanish birth on his mother's side, he is an extraordinary combination of the hidalgo and the "canny Scot." "How he contrives to be authentically the two things at the same time," says his friend, Bernard Shaw, "is no more intelligible to me than the fact that everything that has ever happened to him seems to have happened in Paraguay or Texas instead of in Spain or Scotland."

As one of that early group of British socialists and men of letters whose thought has permeated English life and literature, the political career of the Laird of Ardoch was brief and violent. He fought for free speech with William Morris in the famous battle of Trafalgar Square, while Shaw looked on, as he confesses, a "discreet spectator." And later, as a member of the House of Commons, he publicly damned that body for its hypocrisy. Possessing, then, neither the patience of a politician nor the wisdom of a Shaw, Cunninghame Graham withdrew from all political entanglements and started on a life of travel and adventure.

Mogreb El Acksa (Morocco the Most Holy) is the captivating title of his first book of travel. Shaw congratulates himself upon the fact that he was "intelligent enough" to steal its scenery and knowledge of the East, its Cadis, Sheikhs and Krooboys, for his play, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. But not the hero. Cunninghame Graham, as hero of his own book, was taken prisoner by the Cadi of Kintafi; but Shaw refused to make him the leading character in his most improbable play, because "so incredible a personage must have destroyed its likelihood."

He rides like an Arab or a South American "Gaucho," and his knowledge of horses is as keen as his knowledge of men. They figure almost as conspicuously in his writings. Man's inhumanity to the horse is the subject of his most indignant descriptions. There is irony in the fact that as an active supporter of the British Government in the pres-

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ent war, Cunninghame Graham's services have been required, not in the trenches, but on the plains of Uruguay, selecting and marking the half wild creatures which he loves for the European battle-field. The departure of the horses is picturesquely described in *Los Pingos* and *Bopicuá*, but with revolt at the writer's task and curses (in Spanish) for "the Boches."

As an unconventional traveller and historian, Cunninghame Graham is the author of several volumes, including an account of Bernal Diaz del Castillo and a life of Hernando de Soto; and he is the writer of many provocative prefaces. His original power, however, lies in the hundred and more sketches and stories, tossed to us by the way apparently, yet wrought with all the passion and particularity of the great word painter.

Some of his most idyllic pictures are of old and vanishing Spain. His quarrel is with what he considers its present superficial Europeanisation. In Spain, he tells us, through the mouth of one of his characters, "life is so primitive and yet so intense, it seems as if you touched the Middle Ages and the most ultra-modern life when you stretch out your hand." Which is precisely how he pictures it, in scene after scene, gaining his wonderful effects by contrasts. In the shabby romance of one poor overworked hidalgo, timid, arrogant and ineffectual, one is made to feel all the sadness of this irreconcilability, and its weakness. "Madrid woke up to talk, as other towns wake up to work, and the streets slowly filled with people who at first sight were going nowhere, by the longest way they could find."

Degenerate Spain, with its bull-fights and drinking places for tourists, reeking with blood and sensuality, is the realistic and contemptuous background for the figure of a dancer, "Aurora La Cujiñi," which makes Sargent's "Carmencita" look like a polite wooden puppet. In sharpest contrast is this idyll taken from the sun-baked Castilian plains, in their fiery heat and violet haze:

> A shepherd stood immovable and brown, and looking like a trunk of a dead tree, as he leant on his stick, guarding a flock of brown-woolled sheep, who searched amongst the stones for any herbage that had escaped the drought. When they strayed out of bounds he cracked his sling, unwinding it from where he wore it, wrapped above his sash. . . . His great, brown dog, with its spiked collar round its neck, slept at his feet, changing position when he moved, to keep itself within the shade its master's figure threw upon the ground. The red-roofed town, wild sierra, and the shepherd with his sling, his *angarina*, knotted quince-tree staff, his gnarled, brown hands, rough hempen sandals, his sheep-skin jacket, and his clear-cut features, shaded by a broad hat, such as was worn in Thessaly when the world was young . . . all formed a picture of that Spain, now so fast passing.

It is very remarkable that a literary artist of to-day should have wiped our civilisation almost completely off his canvas; a writer, too, who is not a dreamer but a man of action and affairs, intensely modern and, in many ways, born before, not behind his time. He does not appear to have left even the curiosity of his pious old Arab "Sherif," who liked to talk to Europeans, if only "to hear about the devilries they had invented to complicate their lives." Glimpses there are, here and there, of London, Paris, or Buenos Aires, just showing through in dark spots, which only serve to emphasise the writer's uncompromising hostility to our civilisation, the power of its

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"hideous riches" and their vulgarisation of human life. It is an hostility mingled with cynicism in some of his later work, which makes one turn with relief to the intense and indignant reactions of his earlier studies.

In *Set Free*, for example, London is pictured on a rainy night in Christmas week. The pitiless life of its underworld has never been felt more keenly or, with a few strokes of the pen, more deeply etched on our consciences. For Cunninghame Graham, like one of his own Scotch lairds, has "an eye intil him like a hawk" for any injustice or cruelty. A beaten horse, an old street-walker, overworked, underfed men and women, wherever the strong have pushed the weak into the gutter, there he has been among us taking notes. In *Set Free* an old abused cart-horse is dying, in a London street, with a leg broken by a motor bus:

> The horse's yellow teeth, which his lips, open in his agony, disclosed, showed that he was old and that his martyrdom was not of yesterday. . . .
>
> The little crowd stood gazing at him as he lay, not without sympathy but dully, as if they too were over-driven in their lives.
>
> The electric lamps flared on the scene. In the deserted park the wind amongst the trees murmured a threnody, and on the road the dying horse lay as a rock sticks up, just in the tideway of a harbour, thin, dirty, overworked, castrated, underfed, familiar from his youth with blows and with ill-treatment, but now about to be set free.

One doubts if Cunninghame Graham has ever been happy in London or in any other city. Cities rouse in him only unrest and scorn for the human intellect which has shaped them, for our vaunted progress which appears to him merely self-praise, and the self-sufficiency which is "the measure of success." He has been happy on the South American pampas, where life is instinctive, human and subhuman, riding horseback for weeks at a time, swimming the rivers, sleeping in native huts, or sometimes alone, beside his horse, out on the open plain. "Well did the ancient Quichuas name the plains with the word signifying 'space'" he has written, "for all was spacious—earth, sky, the waving continent of grass; the enormous herds of cattle and of horses; the strange effects of light; the fierce and blinding storms and, above all, the feeling in men's minds of freedom, and of being face to face with nature, under those southern skies."

He first visited South America about forty years ago, and nothing that he has written quite equals in magnificence of colour and action his sketches of the pampas—an Indian raid, a stampede of cattle, the exploits of Gaucho riders, or some vivid memory of a ride through the gorgeous densities of a tropical forest:

> Occasionally a crashing in the bushes near the trail told of the passage of a tapir, through the underwood, and once as I came to a little clearing a tiger lay stretched flat upon a log, watching the fish in some dark backwater, just as a cat lies on the garden wall to watch the birds. Butterflies floated lazily about, scarce moving their broad, velvet wings, reminding one somehow of owls, flitting across a grass ride in a wood, noiseless, but startling by their very quietness.

Nevertheless, Cunninghame Graham's genius is of the North, not the South. In all his wanderings, he has remained a Scotchman. And just as Stevenson turned, at the end, to his "precipitous city," writing of Scotland in his unfinished masterpiece, so this other and very different Scotchman of genius, never writes with so much emotion as when,

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in mind at least, he is within sight of Ben Lomond. Above even the colour and wild joy of his scenes of the pampas, one places the emotional beauty and rhythm of *The Craw Road, Caisteal-na-Sithan* (Castle of the Elves), *A Braw Day, The Beggar Earl* and *Mist in Menteith.* The writer feels the same happiness on these wild old Scottish roads (not the Roman roads of empire), and in the decaying manors, the peat moss and encircling mists, that he experienced on the free stretches of the pampas, only it is deeper, more racial and personal. Their beauty enthralls him.

Cunninghame Graham has not only immortalised the old roads and manors, the bygone gentlefolks and half obliterated landmarks of his Scottish home, but even the old documents and records which, as laird, have come into his hands. Once more, under the magic of his incomparable word-painting, the shadowy figure of "The Beggar Earl" rides on his old white pony through the valley of Menteith. It gives him pleasure to recall that while Addison was politely translating *Ovid* in London, "loose and broken men"—the "long-haired, light-footed, wild-eyed, ragged carles"—were still making raids in his native Gartmore. He would have the word "Tryst" preserved by act of Parliament, if only to keep in memory the kilted Highland drovers whom he saw, as a boy, straying along the roads beside their cattle, to "Tryst" or market, "with their targets at their backs, girt with their claymores, their feet shod in hairy brogues," stopping to sleep by the road, and rising at dawn to wring the dewdrops from their plaids.

The citizens of Glasgow on the day of Kier Hardie's funeral receive no such sympathetic treatment. *With the North-East Wind* is a grey and realistic description. Intimate, yet detached, the writer pictures his friend in a few words; yet biographers will find it difficult to tell more about Kier Hardie:

> Standing amongst the band of shadowy comrades I had known, I saw him, simple and yet with something of the prophet in his air, and something of the seer. Effective and yet ineffectual, something there was about him that attracted little children to him, and I should think lost dogs. He made mistakes, but then those who make no mistakes seldom make anything. His life was one long battle, so it seemed to me that it was fitting that at his funeral the north-east wind should howl amongst the trees, tossing and twisting them as he himself was twisted and storm-tossed in his tempestuous passage through the world.

With the North-East Wind seems to close the book of Cunninghame Graham's own long and chivalrous fight for the despised and rejected of this earth; just as, a little later, he attaches his formal farewell as a writer to the preface of his final volume, *Brought Forward.* Both artist and fighter have grown a little cynical and very weary. For Cunninghame Graham has neither a vision, like Wells, nor a logic, like Shaw, to hearten him. His thought ends in a philosophical mist—in the poetic invocation of *Mists in Menteith,* a study in lyrical prose which reveals, above all others, the quality of his literary genius:

> Refuge of our wild ancestors, moulder of character, inspirer of the love of mystery, chief characteristic of the Keltic mind, spirit that watches over hills and valleys, lochs, clachans, bealachs and shaggy baadans, essence compounded of the water of the sky and earth, impalpable, dark and threatening, Fingal and Bran and Ossian, and he who in outstretching Ardnamurchan strung his harp to bless the birlinn of

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Clanranald, all have disappeared in thy grey folds.

Whether thou art death stealing amongst us, veiled, or life concealed behind a curtain, or but an emanation from the ground . . . who shall say?

All that I know is that when the mantle of the damp rolls down upon us, battling with the rough oak copse upon Ben Dearch or Craigmore till all is swallowed up and a smooth surface stretches out over what, but half an hour before, was a thick wood of gnarled and secular trees . . . the mist has conquered.

Somehow, I think, its victory brings a sense of rest.

HYMN TO LIGHT

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

WIND-LOVING daughter of eternal day
Flooding the sky from urns of starry fire
To leap upon the altar of our clay
And rouse the curléd flame of our desire,
O Thou, whose liquid element hath power
To colour dreaming grasses with thy prayer
And curve the petals of an April flower,
Be unto us the passion of our air.
Thou turnest flesh to flowers and earth to flame.
Now, in thy name,
We shape the dust of stars into a song,
For thou art strong.

Here, where the glancing memory of the leaves
Stirred by a windless longing, dropping white,
Patterns the trancéd music midnight weaves
Under the vanished boughs of April night,
And where the violet-haunted pasture sleeps
Drowsy with fragrance, be the gentle guide
Of mystery-laden flocks the hillside keeps
Sheltered beneath thy wonder-flooding tide.
Thou leadest earth and wind and water home,
The swallow to the nest.
Open our shadow-path across the foam
Into the west.

Or, 'neath the tented majesty of air
That wraps the golden body of the sun,
Scatter thy robes and rise, divinely fair,
Under the spreading arch of clouds that run.
Foam-flanked, and streaming in the molten east,
Come to us over the waters, breasting day.
The Bridegroom calls thee to the wedding feast.
Come with us, naked, over the fields away.
The morning stars are ringing in the sky,
The morning lark below.
Shoulder the hill with us, the wind laughs high,
The flowers of April blow.

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THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

PART III. TOOL-POWER POLITICS*

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

It is easily possible in any community for a group of citizens—representing say, from ten to twenty-five per cent. of the people—to put an end to privilege, and establish a new and democratic centre of political and economic control. There are two principal reasons why this fact has been obscured: first, it is seldom that so many as ten per cent. of any community have had wisdom enough to act together for any other purpose than to get privileges for themselves; and second, we have generally been unaware of the existence of certain social methods of operation whereby a transplacement of economic power can be effected by a small minority of resolute men.

The general persuasion has been that privilege has its lodgment in the legal system; and therefore it has seemed obvious that it cannot be displaced otherwise than by the cooperation of a political majority. But as a matter of fact, privilege is not lodged in the legal system but in the working organisation. The law of the courts takes its character from the conditions that obtain in the industrial process. It is, of course, possible for statute law to make detailed changes in the habit and custom of business; but it appears that fundamental changes, changes that alter the balance of economic power, cannot be accomplished by statute. The nations of western Europe and America have been victims of an age-long delusion in this matter. It is not too much to say that the delusion that liberty can be got and guaranteed by what Thomas Carlyle called "ballot-boxing and parliamenteering," has furnished the mainstay of privilege in the countries that call themselves democratic. Socialism, so far as it rests on the idea of majority-rule in industry, is the historical climax of this delusion.

Since economic privilege, which includes all other kinds of privilege, has its seat in the business system, it should be plain that it can be dislodged only by a rectification of that system. Notwithstanding respectable opinions to the contrary, I am sure that the modern business system does not furnish a favourable *milieu* for the lodgment of privilege. It is in fact so constituted, in its internal economy and in its relation to the uncovenanted facts of life, that privilege is poison to it—tending always toward convulsions and a rigor of death. So it comes to pass that those who seek to purge this system of its unsocial elements have their strongest ally in the very constitution of the thing.

The constitution of business is democratic in the sense that its organs of control work toward stability and expansion, only in the degree that they give power to those who serve the commonwealth, and

*This article is a chapter from Mr. Ferguson's forthcoming book, *The Revolution Absolute.—Editor's Note.*

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withhold it from those who waste the public fortune. Thus when bank-credit is administered in the exclusive interest of a creditor class, the social working-plant is crushed under the weight of intolerable fixed charges, and the result is financial panic and industrial prostration. Again, when prices are raised by monopolistic combination, the purchasing-power of the masses cannot reach the product—and the wheels slow down. It is true that a poisoned and half-paralysed business system may stagger on from panic to panic through several generations —so long as it can find fresh fields of exploitation in which to renew its failing strength.

But I insist that privilege was never so vulnerable to the attack of resolute men, never so easily unhorsed, as to-day under the modern system of credit-capital, free contractualism and corporate organisation. This system contains within its own structure an admirable social technique for the convenience of orderly revolution. The system is so constructed that it tends by its own laws to find its centre of gravity at the point from which its social functions can best be administered. If business is administered to-day by a group of men who are gravely lacking in social competency, it is solely because no other group, having better social competency, is prepared to administer it.

Let us bear in mind that modern economic-social power consists — first, in the control of credit, whereby social backing is given to the projects and persons that are accounted most worthy; second, control of the market, whereby assessment is made of the value of products and services; third, control of the organs of information, whereby appraisement is made of the value of facts and events. Observe that as things stand in the United States none of these three branches of economic power is frankly developed to its full significance in the hands of any namable group of men. Yet it is perfectly clear that the partial and unavowed development of all of them is to be found in every American community. It is clear also that they tend to be concentric, and that in practical fact they vest a dominant economic power in namable citizens in every town.

Our false persuasion that deliverance from economic evils is to come through the ballot-box and the legislature, has indisposed us to grant that there is any sort of validity in the nucleation of economic power that actually and obviously exists in every community. We have been blind to the truth that the modern working organisation,' by which we all live, is so extremely complex that it must of very necessity have a government of its own.

If our times were not singularly devoid of the habit of political reflection this fact would certainly have received general recognition long ago. Times like those that produced *The Spirit of Laws* or the *Federalist* and the *Letters of Junius* could hardly have failed to understand that a business organisation, when it becomes very complex and delicate in its internal adjustments, should come to be regarded as a civil polity, requiring the development of organs of control within its own body. We have accepted heedlessly and very unfortunately an array of political theories that were thought out in the eighteenth century in application to social facts that then

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obtained, but have long since passed away—carrying the sense and worth of our inherited political philosophy with them.

At the base of modern business lies a conception that played no part in the social thinking of the eighteenth century; namely, the idea of community of interest in the exploitation of nature. The modern business system maintains its social nexus in a manner that was unimaginable to the fathers of the Republic; it is held together, not by consecrated formularies or consent to any stated law, but by joint participation in the gains of a perpetual adventure.

The system is held together by nothing whatever but this common interest in the success of innumerable interdependent exploits—flowing together in an enormous current of conquest directed against the strongholds of nature. When, and so far as, the exploitation is turned aside from this main purpose and directed against an economic class, the cohesion of the system is relaxed. And when, through a slowing down of the current of enterprise or any other cause, the mass of the people cease to feel an actuating interest in the movement, the system is thrown into disastrous confusion.

To grasp the truth that modern business is society in motion, and that the movement is measureless both in its object and its inspiration—evoking all the latent resources of art and science for the winning of a public fortune to which the infinite reserves of nature set no limit—is to free one's mind for good and all from the eighteenth century formulas. It becomes clear that modern business cannot be governed from the outside, that it must be governed from the inside.

Business government is leadership in enterprise, exercised by means of agencies that pass upon the priority of particular claims with reference to a general purpose. To say that there is no need of such agencies is to fail to understand the interdependence of all private undertakings. Without correlation of enterprises, the working organisation would fall into chaos. And this correlation is government.

The government of business may be bad but not wholly insufferable, or it may be bad to the pitch of impossibility, wrecking the industrial structure; it may be good but feeble, or it may be good to the heights of genius and inspiration generating a volume of creative power sufficient to sweep away all poverty, ugliness, malignance and brutal toil. It is all a question of the release of the latent energies of the mind—a question of giving social backing to the right man at the right moment.

There are no social problems that cannot be reduced to utter insignificance—simply by generating a sufficient current of creative enterprise. Slight inequities of property distribution have not been interesting, in times and places where the creative imagination has worked free—with an open career for every man that cared for a career. It is indeed the special characteristic of all buoyant and expansive epochs—such as the age of Elizabeth and the fifty years that witnessed the settlement of western America—that the new values, in process of creation or discovery, so outweigh the old values, that men care more for a place in the advancing column than they do for juridic niceties. Even so, in the

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wholesomer social order toward which we now strive, men will care little for a formal definition of exact justice, will be well content that there should be a wide and elastic margin of mutuality around everybody's private fortune—so only that fortune be clear and unencumbered in the vital centre.

When the working principles that lie at the base of the modern industrial order cease to be mysteries and are brought into the light of day, it will be seen that nothing is more fundamental to that order than the idea that the working force of society is a single and indissoluble quantity—an estate *in posse* that necessarily belongs to everybody. This principle is linked as a moral axiom to the fact that, under the modern system of highly organised tool-power, a million men can do at least ten million times as much as one man. It follows that society as a whole is put in possession of a nine-million-man power that belongs to nobody in particular.

If you would seize upon a shining clue to guide you through the dark labyrinth of modern finance—lay fast hold upon this fact. The language of finance has become a jargon, half-unintelligible even to the priests of its own arcana, simply because its grammar has been shaped in studied neglect of the bottom truth of the financial process.

I have been permitted to hold some slight converse with eminent financiers in many countries, and I have never been able quite clearly to verify my hope that some one of them might explain to me, in a homely and untechnical way, what credit-capital really is, and why it can be indefinitely expanded. I have found out, from other sources, that credit-capital is money, or what passes as money, issued by banks, to represent the nine-million-man power spoken of above—in expectation that this power will express itself in tangible goods within an assignable time. And the reason why credit-capital has an indefinite expansibility, is that the nine-million-man power may shrink to nothing or rise to a ninety-million-man power—according to the degree of success achieved by the economic governors of a community in social team-play or the co-ordination of working forces.

The point not to be missed is that the chief characteristic of modern finance is that it has to do with values *in posse*, as well as *in esse*. It is actuarial in its operations. It capitalises expectancies. It facilitates production by issuing money to represent productive power in advance of the productive process. Now it is not true to say that money thus issued by a bank to a business man represents the productive power of that man; the meaning of the transaction with respect to the particular person, is that he is accounted to have the ability to organise a part of the creative force of the community. It is obviously anomalous—an historical accident needing to be rectified—that the social governors that decide who shall be trusted to evoke and marshal the communal powers, do not generally recognise any obligation to others than their clients.

But whatever may be the present abuses in the administration of credit-capital, we must not suppose that the existence of credit-capital is itself an abuse. On the contrary the discovery of a method for the capitalising of the latent values of

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creative intelligence, was a *tour de force* of the human imagination, deserving to rank with the invention of printing as a prime motor of civilisation. If we had not learned to discount the future in this manner it is difficult to see how grand-scale organisation for work could be made possible.

Those who suppose that great business is, or could be, run on a basis of mere savings, have not grasped the elements of the modern industrial order, or thought their way through the problem that nature presents to us in our effort to effect high mobilisations of working force. The chemistries of earth, water and air operate day and night to destroy our savings. Food, fuel, clothes, housing, transportation materials, move in a constant flux of use and waste, requiring ceaseless reproduction. The yearly product of the whole manufacturing apparatus of the United States needs to be much greater than the capital-value of the plant. It is to be borne in mind that the comfortable or luxurious domestic establishments, which are the chief objects of most men's savings, are of no direct use in the productive process; and that apart from such establishments it is physically impossible, in the hard conditions of existence that nature imposes upon the race, that the average man should command, in the way of savings, so much as a year's supply of goods.

This fact of the intrinsic precariousness of human life on our kind of a planet, has been universally obscured by the literature and culture of the well-to-do. It is not perceived that to provide for one's own distant future by sheer stress of accumulated legal claims against the commonwealth—or in any other way than by making one's life and livelihood organic to the commonwealth, and therefore indispensable to it—is only to render the lives of others more insecure.

With this elementary truth well in hand, we are in a position to understand how vital is the function of credit-capital. In making use of it one does not "run in debt" to other men—except as a mayor or a street-commissioner incurs an obligation to the people in accepting a public office. A merchant or manufacturer, when he borrows money from a bank to run his business, simply accepts responsibility for the directing and economising of a fractional portion of the current stream of social productive power. If he deposits corporate securities of a railroad or a gold-mine as collateral, that does not alter the case; the physical values represented by the stocks or bonds are presumably already engaged in the railroad or the mine, and are therefore unavailable for his present use. And for this use he does not employ his own savings or the banker's savings, or the savings of the banker's other clients or of the community at large. He undertakes to administer a portion of the capitalised labour-force of the community in such a manner that it shall, within a certain time, produce goods of social value.

That this is an exact description of the case, could be made perfectly evident in a new and toolless country, or in a community suddenly stripped of all or most of its substantial values by some devastating calamity. Under such circumstances the whole mechanism of credit-capital would be found applicable, and would furnish the best possible

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means of organising the skills and aptitudes of a multitude of men for the essaying of a fresh civilisation from the ground up.

Now it is impossible for any reflective man to understand these primary things about the essential constitution of our actual finance and industry, without perceiving that what he has to deal with is a new and very modern kind of government. He will see that he must reckon with social powers that, in the nature of the case, cannot be administered by everybody or left unadministered; that they must be administered by somebody in particular. And he will see that it is a very serious historical misadventure, that tradition and custom have brought it to pass that in our actual society these social powers are being exercised without any definite sanction of social accountability.

Thus the internal economy of our high-tensioned working order has become the social interest that deserves to absorb all other social interest. The question is, How can we establish good government at the controlling centres of the business world? If now we will accept this question as the right question, we shall find a solution for the problem of privilege. To those who will not accept it I can promise no solution to which they can contribute.

Having, therefore, freed our minds of the notion that the business of a community ought not to have a governing centre—we will cease to complain of the existence of concentred authority in business. We will agree that the trouble lies in the manner in which this authority is achieved and administered.

Business government from authoritative centres of credit, commerce and information must now be brought out of the twilight and given an orderly and consistent development in all its parts and faculties. If we will carefully study the nature of the three governing powers of business we shall see that they are correlative—that each draws the others after it. There has been no lack of observers to note the fact that those who control the credit of a community are likely to control the newspapers, and also to exercise a predominant power in the market. But the concentration of authority could begin equally well with either of the other terms.

If a group of men had enough energy, science and social understanding to create a commanding organ of intelligence—a news service that should be generally accepted as authoritative—no opposing group of financiers could stand against them; the power of finance and commerce would pass into their hands. Or if the whole purchasing-power of a community could be organised and vested in representative persons, they would control also the press and the banks. One should infer from such considerations that the three powers are normally concentric, that they are the natural components of the government of the working world—just as executive, legislative and judiciary constitute another kind of government.

I have said that this government of business actually exists, in a somewhat ill-composed and irresponsible form, in every American community—that it cannot be done away with because it is indispensable to the working of our complex industry and commerce; that the groups of men in whom this power is lodged, however badly they may

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exercise it, are less incompetent and more representative of the public than any other groups that have yet offered their associated services, and that when in any community ten to twenty-five per cent. of the citizens shall combine to constitute an abler and more representative business government, the economic power will pass into their hands.

Now the strength of a socially incompetent financial power is illusory. The illusion lies in the false assumption that the basis of finance is the legal ownership of concrete capital goods; the position of the financiers seems inexpugnable because they are undoubtedly the accepted trustees and curators of the bulk of such goods. It is therefore made to appear that nothing but an assault upon the institution of property, or the taking over of all financial power by the state, can possibly avail to effect a change of financial government.

I say this view is erroneous because of the falsity of its initial assumption that ownership of capital goods is the controlling factor in finance and industry. The controlling factor is organised productive power. The financier rules, not because he is the trustee of those who own goods, but because he is permitted to act for those who own productive power.

The important point is that the possessors of productive power have not organised themselves with reference to the productive process—but have permitted the banker to organise them, in such manner as investors might approve. Thus the investing class has subjugated the *entrepreneur* class, as well as the mass of the workers. The masters of industrial organisation have made themselves the servants of the organisation of ownership over which the banker presides. This servitude is historical and habitual, but its chains are straw.

There is no reason why industrial engineers, and those who are adepts in marshalling men for the conquest of materials, should not cast off the yoke of organised ownership—as men walk out of prisons when the doors are open.

Since modern finance is primarily a capitalisation of productive skills, and only secondarily a capitalisation of savings, those who possess the skills hold the whip-hand of financial power—if they did but know it. And there is no great difficulty about their being made to know it. Indeed the secret can no longer be kept. With every advance in technology, every increase of delicacy and complexity in the working apparatus that sustains the life of the modern world, the government of the working organisation by those who stand aloof from it and have no part in it, has become more anachronistic and impracticable. And the passing of administrative control from the agents of those who would live by their past, to the agents of those whose hands are actually upon the levers, has now become a pressing and imperative necessity.

The war has brought the whole world to an economic condition that requires a more efficient administration of the productive process. It has disclosed the intrinsic absurdity of trying to manage titanic tools, whose mechanism involves all the arts and sciences, and whose operation is a matter of life and death for all the nations—from the standpoint of a leisure class that invests no skill or knowledge in the working process,

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and has no interest in it except to lay upon it the heaviest possible weight of overhead charges.

To make every decision as to new enterprises, and every internal adjustment in the complex mechanism that sustains the life of a commonwealth, with the single aim of increasing the charges that those who rest lay upon those who work—is an absurdity that needed to be masked with thicker veils than ingenuity and sophistication have been able to furnish. It could easily be shown, if it were worth while, that every decision and adjustment made on a purely profit-making basis has involved a distinct sacrifice of productive efficiency. But it is not now necessary to enter into the details of such a demonstration, because the general inefficiency of leisure-class finance has been historically sealed and certificated by the war. That kind of finance everywhere confessed that it could not furnish war equipment. And it was obliged to abandon its own administrative centres to the control of political officials, in the stress of the great trial through which the world is passing. Indeed, it is as certain as anything can be certain that was not permitted to happen, that every country in Europe and America would have suffered a rending and dissolving financial catastrophe, if the war had not swallowed the lesser fever in a greater one.

It is possible to imagine that leisure-class finance might have managed an indefinite prolongation of its career, if the international contradiction of interest could have been allayed by a universal collusion of those whose fortunes were committed to that finance. It was theoretically possible for the leisure class in each country to stabilise its dominance over the producers by a discreet limitation of its exactions to a stress that was morally and physically endurable. But such an equilibrium was bound to be upset by the emergence in any country of a finance that was more social and scientific.

Leaving such speculations, let us address ourselves to the present facts. The old finance has been completely discredited. The expectation entertained by some of its votaries that it will be rehabilitated "after the war"—is illusory. Any attempt to fulfil their hope would result in the gravest social disorders. At this moment the mass of the people in all countries—with the possible exception of Russia—are looking toward a national government, expecting to find there a new and better administration of the vital functions of economic business. But it would seem that this expectation also will prove to be illusory. The best that can be said for a national or imperial administration of business is that it is less intolerable than the administration of a leisure class.

We need only to watch the course of the daily news for a few months, in order to discover that business cannot be efficiently governed by the power of a political sovereignty operating on an imperial or continental scale. It will be made quite clear that our modern business system is in its nature so organic—it moves so close to the ground of fact and depends so sensitively upon specific knowledge and upon swift decisions and adjustments to local and fluent circumstances—that it cannot possibly be governed by general administrative formulas, or through long lines of proconsular power,

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stretching out from the capital to the far frontiers.

We shall awake some morning to the discovery that imperialism, in all or any of its forms, has been done to death by high technology. This truth—that intensive and highly organised industry is inconsistent with grand-scale centralisation of political power—has been disguised by financial and commercial arrangements that held industry down to a low voltage, while enjoying the repute of technical accomplishments that were great only in comparison with the age of petty craftsmanship. Centralised political power consists well enough with a low technology that kills men like an endless battle, a technology of slums and sweatshops that resists improvement of appliances literally to the death. High politics is on perfectly good terms with high finance—but not with high technology.

A technology that turns from the havoc of industrial exploitation and war, to apply the resources of an artistic and scientific intelligence to the task of rebuilding waste places and raising the standard of living, will find that the empire has passed away, that national governments must cease to be arbitrary, and that financial and commercial authority must be local or regional—in order to stand close enough to the complicated facts to keep the wheels a-going.

In the United States we shall return, I think, to something like the original conception of the Federal republic. By the sheer physical impossibility of getting, on any other terms, an effectual war-mobilisation or peace-mobilisation of industry, we shall be forced to accept the principle of economic home rule, or regional autonomy in the administration of the powers of credit, commerce and authenticated information. And what is true for America is true for the world. In striving for an industrial organisation of higher efficiency to meet the imperative and unprecedented demands of the Great War and of the reconstruction and revictualment that must follow it, the imperial sovereignties will everywhere be broken down, and economic autonomy will be developed in the minor territorial divisions of the great nations.

This will not mean the disintegration of nations, but rather a reintegration on a securer basis of common interest than history has yet known. But this reintegration of nations will be effected on such terms that the old international antagonisms will lose their reason for being; and there will be no great difficulty in the fusion of nations in an economic community of interest crossing all frontiers. Thus the cause of economic home-rule is not a new provincialism; but, on the contrary, is bound up with the cause of a realistic and unsentimental cosmopolitanism.

Having in mind therefore the intensive and extensive implications of the new economic politics as briefly suggested above, let us return to the proposition that a rightly disposed minority in any local community can supplant an unsocial and unscientific economic administration. We are familiar with the idea that a combination of workers can require and compel changes in business administration by concerted refusal to work. It is remarkable that this negative power has not heretofore suggested its positive equivalent.

A government that must yield to mutineers can be captured and ad-

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ministered by them, if they have the will and the intelligence. Even so, if an organisation of competent workers can say, "We will not work, unless you change your government," it can also say, "We *will* work and we will show you how to govern." The negative strike is a phase of the disease of maladministration. It is not a remedy. The remedy is the positive strike—the strike of those who refuse to quit, and are determined to serve on social terms.

It is, as I have said above—the financial power is absolutely in the hands of the workers. They may take possession of the economic government whenever they have the will and the intelligence to do so. In doing so, they will traverse no legal or vested right. On the contrary, as things stand now in Europe and America, a transfer of industrial administration from the incompetent hands of those who think only of incomes, to the competent hands of those who think in terms of the productive process—will be greatly to the advantage of all honest investors. For the financial agents of investors, in their maladministration of industry, have heaped up an insupportable weight of fixed charges upon the deteriorating working plant of society, and thus have made all securities insecure. In order to validate such securities as deserve to be validated—the investments that really represent the contribution that the past has made to the present—and thus to pass without confusion or violent breach with the past, into the ampler horizons of the future, it is necessary that the industrial plant and working organisation be immediately improved, and thus made capable of paying its just debts both to the past and to the future. It is true of course that under a social and scientific economics, the fixed charges imposed upon industry by those whose claim is that they have worked but would rest, would be rapidly scaled down from their present inflated proportions, and the interest account would be likely to fall to a level representing little more than an insurance rate; but this process need damage no man's legal rights.

If now in any industrial community of considerable size—a State of the Union or a Federal Reserve district—a portion of those actually engaged in the productive process, from the rank of *entrepreneurs* and general managers to that of workmen of the commonest skill—representing on the whole from a tenth to a quarter of the population—were to act together as a political party of a new and more practical type, they could without a doubt supplant the existing economic administration in that community. I have undertaken to show that economic administration as actually developed in the business world is tripartite—consisting of the control of credit, commerce and the news. I shall have more to say on that subject, but it is sufficient here to remark that, just as in the strategy and tactics of the old politics the aim of a political party is to impose its principles upon the executive, legislative and judicial offices, so in the new economic politics the aim is to socialise the bank, the market and the press.

It will, therefore, be necessary for the party of social and scientific economics to organise itself in a financial institution, a marketing agency and a news-service—just as the Republican, Democratic or Socialist

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party organises itself in caucuses, primaries and standing committees. If the considerations I have attempted to set forth concerning the nature of credit have been given due weight, it will be understood that the initial requirements of capital for such an organisation as is here proposed are not in excess of the resources of such a constituency as is described. The points to be underscored are these:

That credit-capital, not savings, is the body of modern finance.

That credit-capital is social labour-power; consequently a bank representing a large quantity of social labour-power plus a small quantity of savings, can financially overrule and subordinate any bank in which these terms are reversed.

That if, under existing conditions, a bank should become accredited by society at large as a true representative and effective agent of social labour-power, it could issue the bulk of the credit-capital of the community, and exercise an incontestable sovereignty over its economic life.

SONG

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Down to death, my dear, together
You and I a-drifting go,
Light on life as any feather
Lies on air. Reluctant? No!
Like two kites released from tether,
Wafted through delightful weather,
Down to death, my dear, together
You and I a-drifting go!

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SPRING: TWO THEMES

I. SPRING

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

Out of the rain,
A girl with hair blown wild before her,
A girl,
Shy and reluctant,
Trembling as she leans against the wind—
Dawn and death are like her.

Angel and mother by her eyes,
Demon and wanton by her smile—
I know her well.
I was her lover.
Long ago I caught and held her
Just when the willow yellowed
And the water learned to speak.

Slowly she comes again to keep the tryst.

II. WHEN SPRING COMES BACK

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

When spring comes back to thrill the lands again
And rapture stirs in all earth-things that grow
And sunlight dances on the paths we know,
Or silvery feet of fairies haunt the rain,
How shall my heart, wherein has crept the pain
And nobleness of conflict, greet the glow
Or gloom of skies without you? In the slow
Sure march of days what shall pass, what remain?

O, I am glad that we have found so much
In Life and Spring before the Red Hand loomed
As foe to both . . . I know that Spring shall find
My heart with dreams that wakened at your touch,
But steeled to guard you and each rose that bloomed
Where you threw kisses to me down the wind!

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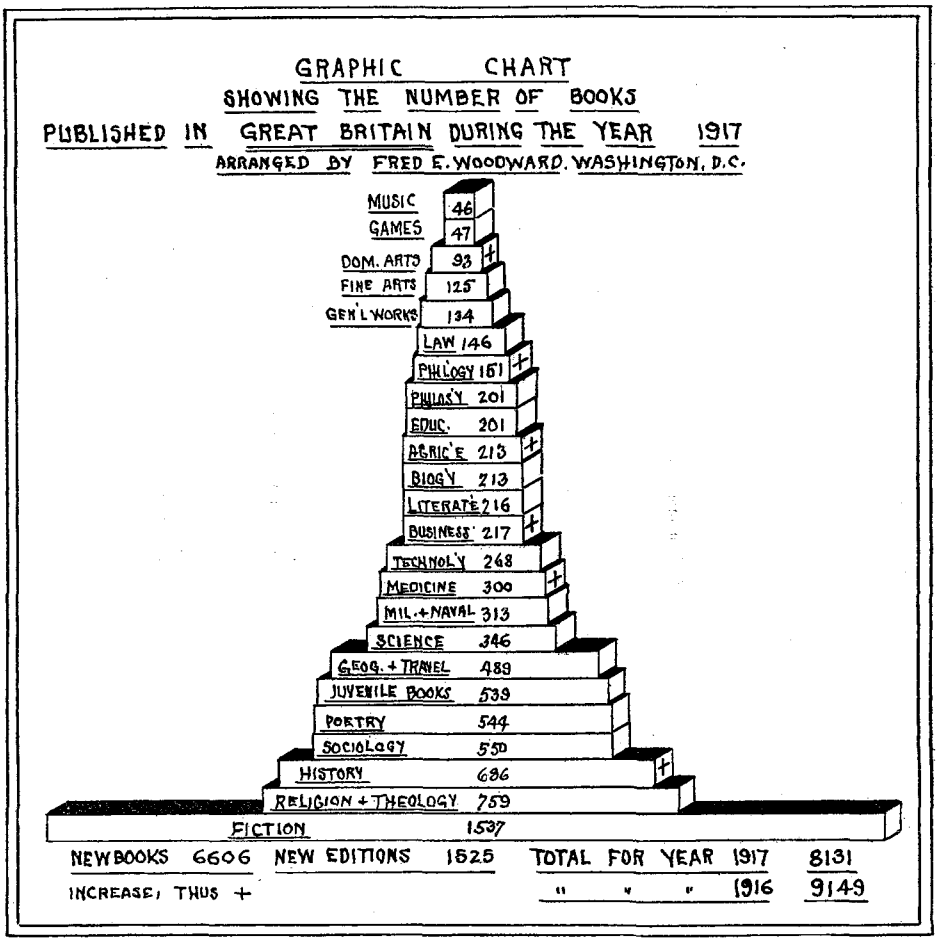

A GRAPHIC COMPARISON OF THE BOOKS OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF GREAT BRITAIN DURING THE YEAR 1917

BY FRED E. WOODWARD

THE accompanying graphic charts, comparing the actual number of books published during the year 1917, in the United States and in Great Britain, is an attempt to show to the eye such statistical facts as will indicate the various classes of books and the number issued in each class in 1917.

A single glance at the two charts reveals a notable difference between the two figures, the one representing the books of the United States being an almost symmetrical pyramid endued with the appearance of stability and a certain element of vigour and strength, while the one representing Great Britain exhibits an

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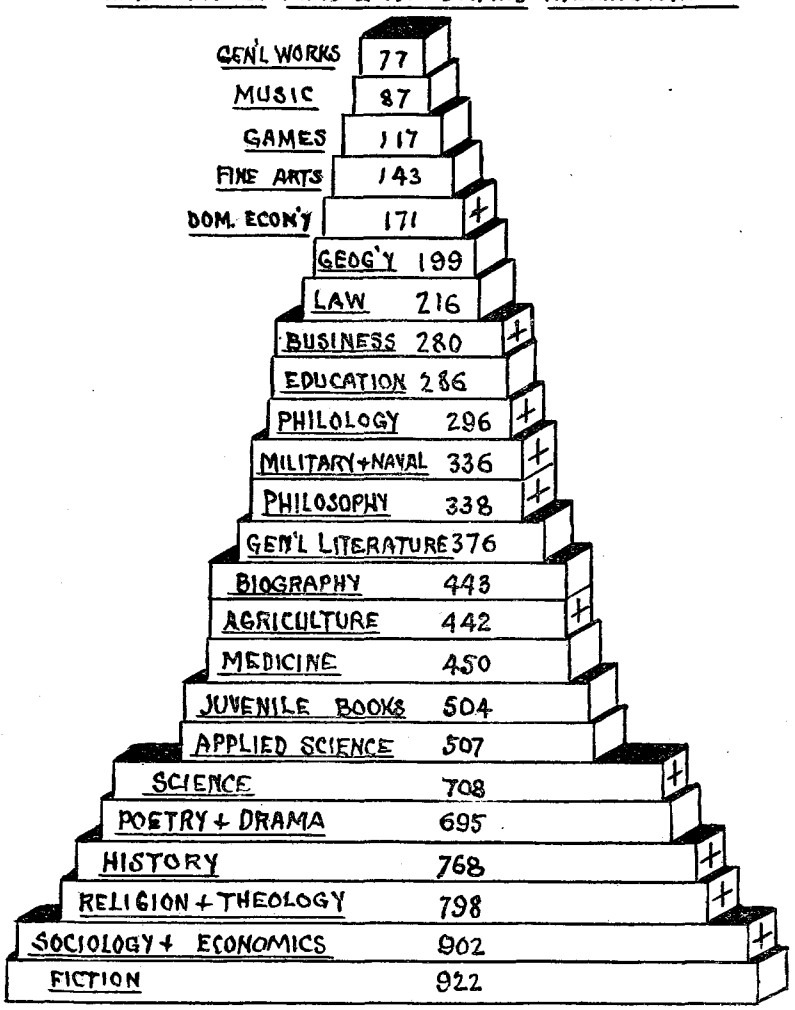
GRAPHIC CHART

SHOWING THE NUMBER OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES DURING THE YEAR 1917

ARRANGED BY FRED E. WOODWARD. WASHINGTON. D.C.



NEW BOOKS 8849 • NEW EDITIONS 1211 TOTAL 10.060

INCREASE THUS + TOTAL FOR 1916 10.445

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enormous overplus of works of fiction as compared to the remaining classes.

One also sees that, practically, the relative position of the classes is the same in both countries, indicating perhaps a certain community or concurrence of thought—

FICTION LARGE

Fiction occupies the largest place in each chart and, as usual, music and games and sports the smallest place, although in the United States in the year depicted general works and miscellaneous books have dwindled to such proportions as to usurp the smallest section with but seventy-seven entries, or ten less than music.

While fiction in the United States records 922 titles, it is but twenty titles more than its nearest neighbour, sociology and economics, and is but 9.15 per cent. of the whole number. Fiction in Great Britain records the publication of 1,537 books, or 18.90 per cent, of the whole number, with an interval of 778 between it and its nearest neighbour, which is religion and theology.

Religion and theology loom large in both charts, standing second in Great Britain and third in the United States, the added total of both nations being 1,557.

Sociology and economics, which is fourth in order in Great Britain with 550 titles, stands second in the United States with 902 entries.

History, third in order in Great Britain, with 686 titles, records a gain of 147 over the previous year and marks the highest number ever recorded in this class, while history in the United States with 768 entries also makes the highest record in this class.

Poetry and Drama ranks fifth in each country, emphasising the tremendous interest manifested in this class of reading by people of both nations. The number in Great Britain was 544 and the number in the United States was 695, and of this latter number 181 were written by English or other foreign authors, the remainder, 514, being the product of native or American authors.

Science, sixth in the United States with 678 titles, is a gain of sixty-nine over 1916, and makes a new high record, the largest number ever recorded in this class. In Great Britain science stands eighth with a record of 346.

Applied science or technology, which is in seventh place in the United States with 507 entries, is far in advance of the same class in Great Britain, which is eleventh in order, with 268 titles.

Medicine and hygiene, ninth in the United States with 507 entries, is likewise far in advance of the class in Great Britain, which has 300 entries. Each of these totals falls below the maximum record, which in the United States is 756 in 1909 and in Great Britain is 516 in 1916.

Juvenile books, eighth in the United States, recorded a fair average number, 504, and the same class was sixth in Great Britain with 539.

Agriculture recorded in the United States 442, and was more than double the number published in Great Britain, which was 213, and biography repeated the story with 443 in the United States and 213 in Great Britain.

Geography and travel suffered a severe setback in the United States,

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dropping from the tenth place in 1916 with a record of 354 to the nineteenth place in 1917 with 199 entries. In Great Britain the same class recorded 489 titles.

Law, eighteenth in the United States, recorded 216, the smallest number since 1890, in fact in 1890 the number was 531, more than double the present number, while the total number for the year 1890 of all books in all classes was but 4,559. In Great Britain this class was nineteenth with 146 titles.

The curious student or inquiring reader can readily ascertain the comparative value of the remaining classes by consulting the charts and the figures.

All classes having a cross (+) marked on the right-hand end of the block represent an increase or gain in that class in 1917 over the preceding year.

A SPRING OPENING IN FICTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

"Sizing up the layout" of a season's fiction is a haphazard task unless the surveyor makes sure of his footing. Books forthcoming as well as books just published are to be taken into account. Alongside of those he has had opportunity to read carefully, he must place those he has fumbled after in galley or advanced sheet, and for his knowledge of still others he can only trust to his nose, making such discreet deductions as he may from those obliging but not notoriously reliable announcements and estimates with which, at all seasons, the publishers gladden our sanguine hearts. I have usually felt that the safest ground for this sort of rough survey lies in a classification according to intention. It is not so difficult to pick out from the mass thirty or forty stories that seem to promise the reader some return for his trouble. To be good stories, as I was saying the other day, they must have some soundness of intention as well as of action. But they may intend any one of several different things; and they may be fairly (if not finally) judged according to the thing each of them tries to do, and their degree of success in doing it. It might perhaps be assumed, for the working purposes of the moment, that there are three or four things a novelist may try for: to record or "register" life; to interpret life in terms of character; to decorate life; or to lecture upon life. He seldom succeeds in doing any one of these things to the exclusion of all the others. But he usually has a general intention, conscious or unconscious, of working in the direction of a novel of negative realism, or of creative realism, or of romance, or of "ideas." In two of these directions, the novel of negative (or neutral) realism and the novel of ideas, he is bound to have a double intention. No man can profitably do his reporting or his lecturing in the form of the novel unless he can in some sense make a story of them. Mr. Wells succeeds in "putting across" his ideas because he succeeds in getting us to accept him as a story-teller: his people and action are almost invariably interesting in themselves. Mr. Dreiser holds our attention in spite of his everlasting dull detail because

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in spite of himself he has a touch of the artist, and so his stories are bound to mean something, if only a dreary gospel of human animalism.

The truth is, nothing can be of less interest to novel-readers than the bald theory or the raw slice of life. Life itself is a process of selection, and if men are better than beasts, it is because they can and must select and interpret experience. Thoughts are nothing, things are nothing, until imagination touches them and gives them form and meaning,—like the bits of rubbish that shiver into beauty at the brushing of a forefinger against the wheel of a kaleidoscope. We now understand pretty well that the naturalists and the slice-of-lifers would be hopeless bores if they were true to their theory. Not even nastiness could save them if they really had no opinion about it. An artist cannot refuse to search for truth, he can only invent new definitions for it, and none of them is more perfunctory (or, to be sure, more ancient) than that which holds truth and fact to be the same thing. At its best, pretended literalism is a convenient and legitimate tool for the story-teller, and was so long before Defoe, the master-fakir, developed its possibilities in English. Among recent artificers Thomas Burke, author of *Limehouse Nights*, has scored a point of novelty by effecting what I take to be a *liaison* rather than a true alliance between the extreme naturalistic manner and the romantic mood. "Here," he seems to say, "are a lot of dirty things and people—brothels, drinking-dives, opium-joints, prostitutes, murderers, the dregs of all nations and races. I defy you to find a filthier place or a filthier lot anywhere than my Limehouse and its human vermin. Yet what fine souls there are here, what devotions, aspirations, perfumes of high sacrifice! Let me tell you a story. . . ." Whereupon he seizes his listener by the scruff and shoves him into the gutter; and as he wallows back to safety greets him with a hypnotic smile and a "There, what did I tell you." There are people who find piquancy and even poetry in this kind of procedure: they will find it in *Twinkletoes* (McBride), Mr. Burke's latest adventure in squalor-cum-sentimentalism. A new story of sounder realism is *The House of Conrad* (Stokes), by Elias Tobenkin. It is uncommonly faithful to facts, but not for their own sake. As I wish to speak fully of it later, I shall only recommend it here as a serious and even sombre but by no means downward-looking study of certain social and industrial tendencies of American life during the past half-century. A version of *The Cabin* (Knopf) presents for the first time in English a characteristic story by one of the most important of the modern Spanish realistic and "regional" novelists. This is a blend of the novel of realism and the novel of ideas; for modern Spanish realism, like the Russian realism of an earlier date, is a realism of revolt. It presents the dingy, picturesque facts of provincial and national life as facts that must be changed. *The Cabin* paints a picture, in terms of Valencian peasant life, of the individual struggling vainly against the oppression of the rich, the inadequacy of the law, and the ignorance and prejudice of his own kind,—in all of which it bears a fairly close analogy to *The House of Conrad.* To the *Just Outside* (Century) of Sidney Aumonier also, though here

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the struggle is upon a higher social plane. What the main figure is "just outside" of is the accepted and conventional path of his fellows, the way to authorised happiness and "success." Unluckily he lacks the will and force to blaze his own way, like so many other semi-vertebrate rebels of contemporary fiction: like the Hanny Gooderich of *Casuals of the Sea*, for instance. Of a stronger type is the odd little hero of *Aliens* —a new version (according to Mr. McFee's interesting and somewhat Shavian Preface) of a story written, if not published, before *Casuals of the Sea* and a publicity campaign of extraordinary vigour gave the author a wide hearing. Chief Engineer Carville of the story feels himself to be an alien, not because his profession keeps him away from England and his family life in Jersey, but because his whole career represents a revolt against the snobbishness and hypocrisy of late-Victorian Britain. This is a far more compact and workmanlike story than *Casuals of the Sea*, though the workmanship is rather strikingly Conradian. And the book has much of Conrad's elusiveness. It slips no more comfortably into a pigeonhole, as a story distinctively of fact, or of idea, or of dream, than *Lord Jim* or *The Nigger of the Narcissus*.

Most of our war novels are based upon some idea, and the best of them upon the same idea—the purifying influence upon individual and national character of devotion to a cause, to the large cause of patriotism and the larger cause of humanity. This is the theme, or the upshot, of Miss Sinclair's *Tree of Heaven* (Macmillan) as it was of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and the French *Ordeal by Fire*. Here, again, are shown the first effects of the great ordeal upon a world grown fat upon the fruits of a safe balance of powers and immunities and egotisms. Miss Sinclair lacks Mr. Wells's exciting and no doubt hugely comforting faculty of materialising out of space a perfect cure-all for every conceivable human ill. Her story ends upon a poignant and wistful note of sorrow for all the world is losing, yet with an audible overtone of faith that "somehow good" is to come out of all the suffering and sacrifice. *Potterat and the War* may be called a rendering of the same theme in terms of Swiss life. The old Vaudois, whose grief for Belgium, as well as his Gallic blood, turns the pretence of neutrality into so intolerable a mockery, is a masterpiece of creative humour. Few stories so human and charming have thus far blossomed out of the war. *The Finding of Norah*, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin), is based upon an idea, or a feeling, unique, so far as I know, in recent American fiction. Up to this time our story-tellers appear to have been singularly unanimous in their expressed contempt for the American policy during the early years of the war. The assumption is that we then played a paltry and insincere part, that the nation as a whole was straining at the leash held by a timid Government at Washington, and that we were and should have been despised by those who were fighting Germany in the open. Here is a writer who believes otherwise, and who has the courage of her conviction. She believes that the opposition to the administration during that period was largely partisan or ill-considered, and that the President's handling of both the Mexican

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and the European situations was wise and strong, and has been vindicated by the event. A pamphlet quite as much as a story perhaps, but worth the attention, in my opinion, of the man in the street or the man in the study, or even the man in the newspaper office, who is always ready, in the name of democracy, to assume that he knows better than the Public Man on the Job.

The White Morning, by Gertrude Atherton (Stokes), is quite as frankly a story built upon an idea —a militant development of the idea expressed a year or two ago in *Children of Fate*, by Marice Rutledge. This idea is to the effect that war is a man-made affair (like most other sad things in the world), and can only be put an end to by a resolute revolt of women. Mrs. Atherton's fancy is not content with half-measures, and she pictures a Germany suddenly and completely put out of the war business by the armed uprising of her women. The story is ingenious enough, as a fancy, and hardly gains from the author's insistence upon our accepting it as a literal possibility or even probability. Another story of feministic savour is the *Eastern Red*, of Helen Huntington (Putnam). Here, in fainter and more delicate colours, is also painted the dawning of woman's independence, her right, in the face of ancient marriage conventions, to possess her own body and to work out her own destiny. When we have disposed of the war of the nations, there will still be the war of the sexes to fall back upon, to protect us from inglorious ease. Plainly enough, it is to be fought in the open. There are episodes in the two stories I have just spoken of that would hardly have been written if the once revered buffer state of the Young Person had not already become a sacrifice to military necessity. In this connection I may mention, as a sign of the times, an amazingly cynical rendering of the sex-equality theme, *The Golden Block*, by Sophie Kerr (Doubleday, Page). The author asks us not (as the feminist-idealists ask us) to accept the high destiny of woman as our equal in brains and our superior in moral and spiritual force, but to fear her as a rival on our own low grounds. Her Margaret Bailey is a sort of *reductio ad nauseam* of that now popular heroine, the business woman. Bronze-haired Margaret's spoken motto is that "there's no sex in brains," but her working formula accepts equality in immorals also. She admits frankly (in slightly more presentable words) that modern business is a dirty game, and that a woman has to play it in the accepted way in order to win. She plays and wins, to her author's great satisfaction. There is a more human note in *The Autobiography of a Million Dollars*, by George Kibbe Turner. Bill Morgan, who tells the story, is perfectly ingenuous about giving himself away, he is out for the stuff and none too squeamish in his methods. But he is naturally "square," and he has a good woman for a wife, so that his adventures in speed and high finance fail to corrupt him altogether. But they come very near it. It is just the kind of story that might naturally have appeared in one of the popular weeklies—if it had held up the golden ideal of American Big Business with a little more enthusiasm. In fact, its whole animus is against those mysterious powers who stand behind Big Business, "those still-faced men that

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run that billion-dollar machine down in Wall Street—and grab off their slice of everything that comes up in the country. They're the fellows we're working for—if we only knew it!" In this group, on the whole, I should include *The U. P. Trail*, by Zane Grey. It is a seriously intended romance of a great enterprise, the building of the Union Pacific. The author has put his best into it, and regards it as worth all his other books put together. He tries to present "the blood and love and death, the 'epical turmoil,' the labour of giants, the heroism and sacrifice of this wildest time in the opening of the West." He has painted his far-flung scene with much vividness and fidelity, and set upon it a great action. The thing that may spoil the book for readers who wish to take it seriously is its employment of so much of the outworn machinery of movie romance—so much of the old business this writer has doubtless got through the habit of writing books for popular consumption. The "love-interest" involving the minor hero, young Deane (for the major hero is the U. P. itself) and the fair child of nature he stumbles upon in the wilderness is preposterous, not because the separate episodes of their subsequent adventures are impossible, but because they are strung together so mechanically upon so obvious a thread. A very similar romantic situation and machinery are employed in *The Courage of Marge O'Doone*, by James Oliver Curwood (Doubleday, Page), though with no larger action in the background.

The romantic side of the war is being more vigorously explored, both spontaneously and mechanically. *Comrades*, by Mary Dillon (Century), is a romance of the better quality. Its machinery is obvious enough, but the book is based on special knowledge of German character, and an independent opinion as to the meaning of the war. *The Return of the Soldier*, by Rebecca West (known hitherto as an essayist), belongs to the class of novels that deal not with the war, but (like Phyllis Bottome's *The Second Fiddle* and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Missing*) with some fresh romantic situation developed by the war. It is a story of arrangement rather than interpretation. Nevertheless, its Margaret Grey is a striking piece of characterisation—or would be if the unreality of the other persons in the story, and the evident artifice of its *dénouement* did not throw doubt upon her. In the romance of adventure and mystery also—mechanical romance, as I always think it—the conditions of the present war deny any very large use of "the front" as a scene. Most of our thrills just now we owe accordingly to the spy and the secret service man. They play important parts in Mrs. Dillon's *Comrades*. They are the whole show in *The Unseen Hand*, by Clarence Herbert New (Doubleday, Page), *The Lost Naval Papers*, by Bennet Copplestone (Dutton), and *The False Faces*, by Louis Joseph Vance (Doubleday, Page). *The Unseen Hand* has to do with a mysterious "Diplomatic Free Lance" who, according to Barremore, the newspaper sleuth of the tale, "has intervened—not once but fifty times since 1914—to save England from disaster, and, in so doing, unquestionably preserved the structure of modern civilisation that we have so laboriously built up." The story of these achievements is given

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in that episodic form which seems to be developing into a popular compromise between the short story and the novel. The narrative is ingenious enough, but the wires that (properly enough in this kind of fiction) control it, are somewhat too evident. A more skilful series of similarly linked tales is *The Lost Naval Papers*, chronicling the exploits of one Dawson of Scotland Yard as defender of the realm in wartime against all comers. In a way these tales take one's mind back to the immortal Sherlock, but William Dawson's methods are different and his status is different. You recall how Dr. Watson's idol is always exposing, single-handed, the stupidity and clumsiness of Scotland Yard. Dawson is an exhibit for the defence. "The mills of Scotland Yard grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. There is nothing showy about them. They work by system, not by inspiration. Though Dawson was not specially intelligent —in some respects he was stupid— he was dreadfully, terrifyingly efficient, because he was part of the slowly grinding Scotland Yard machine." In *The False Faces* Mr. Vance shows his usual nonchalant indifference to probabilities, or, let us say, to the commonsense that he knows his listeners have cheerfully left behind them on entering his booth. He always tells a rattling tale, and a tale cannot reasonably be expected to rattle and do anything else at the same time. He engineers great doings between the German spies in New York and that Lone Wolf who has furnished the ingenuous reader with so many thrills in the not distant past. *The Long Trick*, by "Bartimeus" (Doran), is a real contribution to the literature of the war. In the form of lightly connected tales, or sketches, it gives a "close-up" of the war as it looks and feels to the Grand Fleet at its work in the North Sea. It presents, in very simple and human terms, a vivid impression of a service which, so far as the public is concerned, has been done hitherto largely "in the twilight." There are several short-story collections of merit, not dealing with the war, among them *Nine Tales*, by Hugh de Selincourt (Dodd, Mead), *Under the Hermes*, by Richard Dehan (Dodd, Mead), and *The Lucky Seven*, by John Taintor Foote (Appleton).

Stories of humour and whimsy appear to be relatively few. *Kitty Canary*, by Kate Langley Bosher (Harper), is an amusing example of the cub-and-flapper romance which Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen* and Mrs. Rinehart's *Bab: A Sub-Deb* have recently elevated to a recognised genre. The heroine of *Ommirandy*, by Armistead C. Gordon (Scribner), is a Southern "mammy" whose loyalty to her master results in some extraordinary exploits. *The Young Stagers*, by W. C. Wren (Longmans), presents certain youthful Anglo-Indians in the act of being artless and killing, the British humour of the book being somewhat obvious for an American taste. *Carolyn of the Corners*, by Ruth Endicott (Dodd, Mead), is a book of village humour and sentiment in an American setting, as, with a more satirical touch and a graver action, *Children of Passage*, by Frederick Watson (Dutton), is, in a Scotch setting, and *The Gossip Shop*, by J. E. Buckrose (Doran), in an English setting. In *Sunshine Beggars* (Little, Brown) Sidney McCall tells a pleas-

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ant story of an Italian family which intrudes into a hostile American community and against all odds makes its own place there by virtue of its essential kindliness and genius for happiness. Of *Potterat and the War* I have spoken as deserving a high place among books of humour and sentiment. Another expression of Gallic humour for English readers is the *My Uncle Benjamin* of Claude Tellier, now translated by Adele Szold Seltzer, and delightfully decorated *en silhouette* by Emil Preetorius (Boni and Liveright).

At intervals one hears it said that historical romance is dead; if so, it is one of the liveliest of corpses. *Gudrid the Fair*, by Maurice Hewlett (Dodd, Mead), repeats the feat of *Thorgils* in shaping a living little world of men and women out of the materials of Icelandic Saga. In his Preface the story-teller says that his purpose here has been to show a good Icelandic woman, as in *Thorgils* he showed a good Icelandic man; and he defends himself against a possible charge of "vulgarising the classics" on the ground that the great Northern saga-literature is so little known: "It hands over the key, but if the lock is stiff it will not give you oil for the wards. Oil for the wards is all I can pretend to here; and if I may say that I have humanised a tale of endurance, and clothed demigods and shadows in flesh and blood, I shall feel that I have done useful work, and bear charges of vulgarisation with a philosophy which assures me that the two terms are much of a muchness." The tale involves the discovery of "Wineland" by Leif, but Mr. Hewlett's chief interest is frankly in the human drama. Two other historical romances, on a larger scale, have just come to my table. I have not read them, but I mean to. I shall expect much of *The Unwilling Vestal*, by Edward Lucas White (Dutton), because I was so deeply impressed by the *El Supremo* of the same author. If he does for Rome under the Cæsars anything approaching what he did for Paraguay under *El Supremo*, the reader will be richly rewarded for his pains. But this is the more difficult task, since in the earlier story the romancer had a virgin field. It may do the book no harm to say that it is not more than half as long as its predecessor. As for the other story, it offers an unusual bait to the reader's interest. If he sighs "What! Another?" at first glimpse of the title-page of *My Two Kings: A Novel of the Stuart Restoration*, by Mrs. Evan Nepean (Dutton), he may feel, in a provisional way, that all is not lost when he reads, in her Prologue, the author's profession (or admission?) that she is a reincarnation of a certain Charlotte Stuart, a cousin of Charles II, and tells her story largely as a matter of personal recollection: indeed, she denies the title-page by denying that this is a novel at all. We should think nothing of this contention, except as a not unfamiliar sort of literary expedient, if it were not backed up, on the inner jacket of the book, by the publisher. Why, then, did he put that word "novel" on the title-page?

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THE CONFLICT OF TWO IDEALS*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

As THE war continues its causes and significance unfold with freer action. Its actual psychology will, in some measure, fail of contemporary apprehension, and like similar struggles of the past will continue to invite interpretation long after the event. Quite naturally, wherever its illusions survive its close, to their extent the outcome will be disappointing. But it is certain that no previous war carried with it so great a volume of literature and discussion on the issues in conflict. Political thought was never so serious and lucid as now, for never has public opinion been focussed with so great unanimity upon the two ideals of government whose irreconcilement has deepened with the growth of civilisation. Democracy and autocracy are in eternal hostility; they can never be friends. In theory they are mutually exclusive and must be so in practice. As long as they exist together among populous and socially interdependent nations, the world will be a house divided against itself. Lincoln's interpretation of the triumph of the Union as the people's resolution that self-government should not perish from the earth, finds its complement in President Wilson's interpretation of the pending struggle as the resolution of democracies,—government by free debate and majority opinion,—to be liberated from the predatory jealousy and assault of the despotic régime.

Causes reaching back through years are being subjected to impartial scrutiny. Fortunately we have ceased to cavil at religion and education, at socialism and the press, for fancied remissness or impotency to protect mankind from self-inflicted atrocity. We are revising our views of civilisation. True, there has long survived a strange disposition, whether in peace or in war, to endow institutions with an exaggerated superiority to those who create or maintain them. This tendency is giving way to the more rational testimony of history, or the proved motives of those who have held the reins of social and national fortune. We are still disposed to inculpate the weakness or the stratagems of diplomacy for the occurrence of war, and we shall look to it for a palpable

*The Evolution of Prussia. By J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany. By James Brown Scott. New York: The Oxford University Press.

The Monarchy in Politics. By J. A. Farrer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

America Among the Nations. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule. By C. D. Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Fighting for Peace. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

France, England, and European Democracy. By Charles Cestre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Democracy and the War. By J. F. Coar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Political Ideals. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company.

Our Democracy. By J. H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Great Problems of British Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

National Strength and International Duty. By Theodore Roosevelt. Princeton: University Press.

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amendment of its ways. At the same time, our censure is conscious of the frailties or ambitions of the men who shape its effects. We shall probably come out of this great conflict with more willingness and ability to utilise the accumulated knowledge of historic and economic experience. Human reason and imagination, always groping for light, will then be better able to convert our body of knowledge into terms of practical justice and international welfare. Great crises like that confronting the present slowly predispose the common judgment to believe that national wellbeing is inseparable from that of the community of nations. There is striking agreement among the more thoughtfully written of recent books which attempt to assess the conditions figuring in the genesis of this war, on the side of the Allies at least, in favour of creating some plan of future security against similar catastrophes.

How far its scheme of government may influence a professedly civilised nation's attitude in favour of or against war is an old question under fresh review. If autocracy furnishes the surest escape from public opinion and the safest outlet for personal and class aggrandisement, it likewise makes for swift and unchallenged national policy. If democracy affords the widest distribution of political benefits, it is likely to face national emergencies with less calculation and hence with less vigilant preparation. Is it true, as the President declares, that "Only free peoples can hold their honour steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own?"

The realisation of magisterial policy under dominant and ambitious personalities, concerned with political advantage through the instrumentality of force, fits the political history of Germany as presented with clearness and concision by Marriott and Robertson, of Oxford University, in *The Evolution of Prussia.* Although the book is the outgrowth of the war, its point of view gives it a justifiable place in historical literature. The authors have exhibited that an unbiassed study of competent sources and authorities, the German being liberally represented, discloses the development of a distinctly Hohenzollern policy after the ideas of Frederick the Great, who bequeathed to his successors the faith that war and its instrument, the army, are essential to the life of the state. The Prussianisation of Germany is shown to have expanded from humble beginnings under the triple stimuli of army organisation, the encouragement of science, and the favouring administrative machinery of an undemocratic constitution. This conclusion, inevitable to a strictly political study of Prussian history, conforms with the teaching of many German publicists, who have favoured the triumph of a dynastic function unaccountable to those who are governed and working through bureaucratic agencies indifferent to criticism. The policy has succeeded in moulding a docile people to the prefigured demands of autocratic organisation.

The contrast between democratic and autocratic methods of administration, their differentiation in argument and conception of justice, as well as the vital contradiction inherent in the two levels of motives which mark their diplomacy, is con-

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veyed very definitely and irresistibly in James Brown Scott's *Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany*. This work of splendid scholarship is of permanent character, whose usefulness will grow with the years. It is a documentary history illustrative of the continuity of German political ideals from Frederick the Great to William II, followed by a documentary history of our controversy with Germany on the side of international law, and including the break with Austria-Hungary. The illuminating chapter on Germany's historic attitude toward arbitration goes far toward answering the question as to which of the two great ideals of government is the more predisposed to war. Doctor Scott concludes that "the day has long since passed, at least in democratic countries, where the head of the State, whether he be monarch or president, can go to war as the king went a-hunting. . . . War is ordinarily declared in a moment of excitement . . . but we cannot to-day in democracies justify a declaration of war unless the cause be just." At least we cannot deceive posterity.

This conclusion is not in sympathy with that reached by J. A. Farrer, whose study of *The Monarchy in Politics* is a work embodying the results of an industrious investigation of a large body of memoirs and state papers from the time of George III to Queen Victoria. This English writer gives an admirable account of the oscillative nature of European politics and its nervous diplomacy during the later years of Victoria's reign, when the clouds of the present international confusion were lowering. He thinks that while the influence of English monarchs has ordinarily been reactionary, it has often been on the side of weathering political crises. As an instance of this, he cites the Queen's strength in keeping England out of war with Germany in the Danish crisis of 1864, "when the people would have jumped at war." He concludes, very academically one cannot help thinking, that "democracies under modern conditions, sensitive to every gust of rumour . . . are subject to no restraint from war like that which may operate on a peaceful monarch." He endorses Lord Salisbury's contention that "a thirst for empire and a readiness for aggressive war" is characteristic of a democracy. This view of the matter is also held by H. H. Powers in *America Among the Nations*. He regards it as "unhistoric thinking" to "assume that democracies are peaceful," and points to the expansion of the United States and Britain through war during the last one hundred years. He has little confidence in an alliance of nations for the "perplexing purpose of maintaining the world's peace" for the reason that "Nations must grow together," as the United States and Britain have done, by reaching the point where they can settle their differences by arbitration. Whatever their government, nations, he thinks, do not war for commerce nor to "rally" their people as "slaves to serve the ambitions of an autocrat," but in mystic response to a "great common impulse," an "oversoul" unintelligible to them, which makes a rational equilibrium unattainable.

Historically viewed, it is certain that a republic may as properly build up an empire as a monarchy may, and that it may employ war in the process. Is this to say that

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a self-governing nation is as predisposed to make war as a government independent of public opinion? We can dismiss at once the fallacy that war is mystically insuperable to rationalistic control or that public opinion is subject to "every gust of rumour." When a government responsive to intelligent public opinion goes to war the chances are many to one that it will have good reason to do so. Moreover, its belligerent practice is likely to have regard for human rights; its methods will be more humane than governments by irresponsible control usually betray. It would scarcely be possible for a modern self-governing people to despoil deliberately its unoffending neighbour for the motive frankly asserted by Bismarck for the annexation of Alsace. In his *Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule*, a book uniting simplicity and perspicacity with authenticity of statement, Professor Hazen quotes the iron chancellor's remark that "Alsace had not been annexed because of her *beaux yeux*, but simply and solely because she would furnish an excellent military defence of the Empire, an important first-line fortification, and Germany was equally indifferent to Alsatian lamentations and Alsatian wrath." The democratic feeling is disclosed by Henry Van Dyke on every page of his *Fighting for Peace*, a book delightfully representative of the civilisation practicable in a nation that would not turn its intellectual effort in the direction of material success *per se*. He asserts that "No one has ever accused the British or French or Italian sailors in this war of sinking merchantships without warning, leaving their crews and passengers to drown."

This attitude of the more democratic countries in war is very well supported upon historic grounds by Charles Cestre's *France, England, and European Democracy*, a book clear and trustworthy in its capable analysis of the English mind and character, of the conflicts and progress of the labour unions, and of the slow, if tragic, triumph of English moral forces "over historical fatalities" in the liberation of Ireland. England's contribution of liberty and the French contribution of equality, by their interchange, have, in Kipling's line, fused the two nations into a "linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth." On the other hand, the German *Sittichkeit*, abjuring the "great thought of Goethe," has nourished, within the limits of German science and militarism, a people submissive to the "arrogant idea of bending all men to this soulless discipline." England and France, organising and increasing their production in proportion to their needs, have shown that efficiency consists also "in judgment, self-possession, the sense of historical realities. . . . They make efficiency the servant of human values." This is the doctrine of Doctor J. F. Coar, whose *Democracy and the War*, while admitting that "Within a given time, democratic efficiency may not achieve results comparable to those effected by an autocratic government," finds in "the unlimited possibilities of the democratic principle . . . its crowning glory. Because, according to this vigorous and intellectual writer, "democracy requires the abiding interest of every member of the community," its efficiency consists of individual human energies in action to maintain the equal and accumulative rights of all men. "Democracy's primary organ-

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isation is the State, autocracy's is the Government."

Germany's substitution of government initiative in economic and social development for popular initiative made it possible for her official class to mould her people to the autocratic will. State socialism satisfied the material aims behind the earlier socialistic movement among the people. Popular initiative, the fruit of liberty, rests upon the democratic principle. This is the philosophy of Bertrand Russell, in his readable little book, *Political Ideals*. "The more men learn to live creatively rather than possessively," he maintains, "the less their wishes lead them to thwart others or to attempt violent interference with their liberty." Similarly Dr. James H. Tufts, in *Our Democracy*, argues that liberty and progress depend upon co-operation; that "Nations that prefer other ends than power are looked down upon" by the military class, "which thinks itself the only class fit to govern." To him it is clear that some form of co-operation like the proposed League of Peace is necessary to protect humanity against great armies and constant preparation for war. Instead of such a League, J. Ellis Barker believes that "a British-American union" would be the "most powerful instrument imaginable not only for protecting the future peace of the Anglo-Saxons but also for protecting the peace of the world." In his *Great Problems of British Statesmanship*, one of the most profoundly interesting discussions of the issues provoked by the war, he argues in behalf of the efficacy of the American scheme of government as against that of the normal British Cabinet system. This efficacy lies in the American constitutional system, whose founders "recognised that a government can act with energy, sagacity, foresight, secrecy, and despatch . . . only if there is absolute unity of purpose, if the executive is in the hands of a single man who is assisted by eminent experts." He illustrates by a critical review of our Civil War, that a republic can successfully employ conscription, which he endorses for England; and shows that by their earlier adoption of conscription, as well as by their unqualified system of the same, the Southern States were able to prolong the war. Mr. Barker, so far as he discusses the question in relation to Austria-Hungary, is in substantial agreement with ex-President Roosevelt, who contends in *National Strength and International Duty*, that "We should not have any negotiations with those who committed and who glory in . . . the conquered countries," and that "we are fighting for the liberty of every well-behaved nation, great or small, to have whatever government it desires and to live unharming others and unharmed by others."

The ideals of democracy are becoming more and more clearly differentiated in the public mind from those of autocracy. This result is indispensable to their success and to the loyalty necessary to their perpetuity. It is a result that marks a great advance in the world. As President Wilson has divined and happily phrased it, "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrongs done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilised states."

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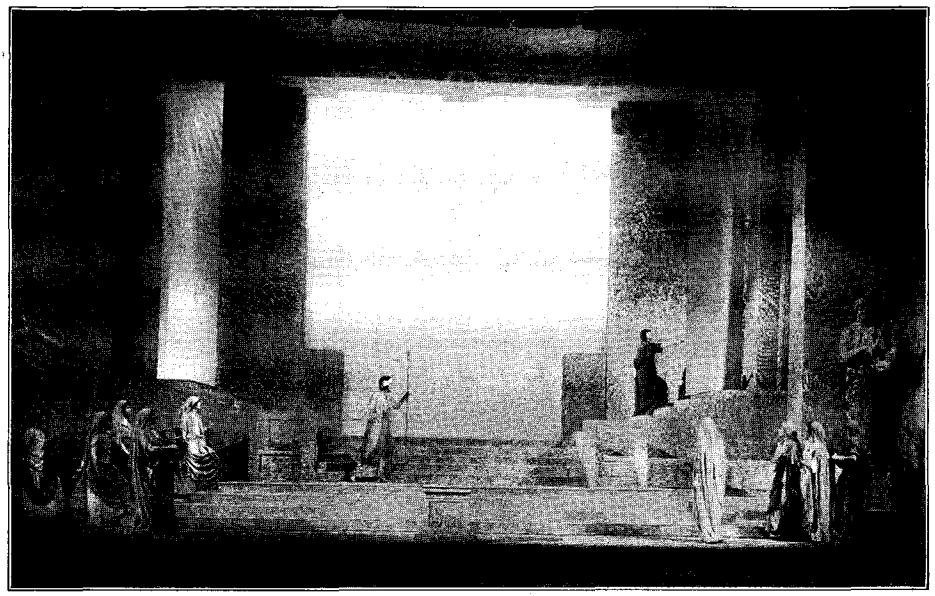

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

GENERAL STAGE-SETTING FOR THE "ELECTRA" OF SOPHOCLES, DESIGNED BY LIVINGSTON PLATT. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE ARCHITECTURAL ASPECT OF THE ENTIRE STAGE AND THE SCULPTURAL GROUPING OF THE CHORUS. AFTER A COLLOQUY WITH THE CHORUS, MISS ANGLIN, AS ELECTRA, IS RETIRING TO THE SLAVES' QUARTERS OF HER FATHER'S PALACE

THE ATHENIAN DRAMA AND THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

BEFORE the invention of printing, there were few books in the world; but all of these were worth reading. So long as every extra copy of a literary work had to be written out by hand on parchment, a certain care was exercised lest this lengthy labour should be wasted over words that were ephemeral. The Romans, Greeks, and Hebrews were human like ourselves, and liable to human error; they must have uttered, every day, the usual amount of trash, and this trash must have been passed about, from mouth to mouth, among the masses; but the ancients did not write it down. They allowed their trivial words to die,—unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown; and they recorded in their libraries only those more memorable words that were luminous with intimations of immortality.

The library of Alexandria was burned; Herculaneum was buried beneath an overwhelming flood of lava; and comparatively little now remains to us of ancient literature. But what remains is not "ancient," in the narrow sense; and nearly all of it is really "literature,"—that is to say [in the noble phrase of Emerson] a record of "man thinking" and expressing his thoughts in unwitherable words. The invention of print-

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ing, and the enactment of that modern law which compels everybody, willy-nilly, to go to school and learn to read, has led to a widespread circulation of recorded utterances; but how many of these documents are "literature"? And those of us who ply the pen so busily in these days of rapid printing might profitably pause, every now and then, to ask ourselves whether we have ever written a single sentence that deserves to be engraved on granite and preserved from the erosion of innumerable future centuries. How much of our contemporary writing will be accepted finally as "literature," in the leisure of all time?

The ancients felt a more reverent respect for books and authors than we entertain to-day; but they had more reason for this feeling. They were not poisoned by a state of things that accords a million readers every morning to the hirelings of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and reduces John Milton to what—in the profane vocabulary of our friends, the French—is eloquently called "the name of a name." The ancients saw things in perspective and proportion. They never pretended—not even on the eve of a popular election—that "all men are created equal": they announced, instead, that certain men were nobler than their fellows and were worthy, by inherent right, of being listened to attentively. The Greeks gave prizes for literary prowess; and, when a man had won a public prize for authorship, he was erected to the aristocracy and considered as a leading citizen.

The ancients regarded their greatest authors as divine, and spread abroad the legend that these supermen had spoken to mankind with the authentic voice of God. The Hebrews accepted Isaiah not only as a poet but also as a prophet, and claimed that he wrote better than he knew. The Romans believed that Virgil was not merely a perfect artist, but also an unconscious mouthpiece for the deity of deities; and, after the slow passage of a thousand years, the greatest composition of the greatest man that ever lived was immediately called, not by himself, but by his readers, *The Divine Comedy.* There was no real reason—on the other hand—why this title should not have been selected by Dante himself; since he has told us more than once, with the serenity of perfect confidence, that the things he had to say were suggested not by his own mind, but by the irresistible and overwhelming inspiration of all the things that are.

We are living now in an age of infidelity, when it is popular to laugh at high and far-off images of holy things; but we have no reason to dismiss as merely credulous the belief of our forefathers that their greatest poets were inspired from above. Without departing from the region of the intellect, it would be easy enough to prove that Dante is indeed, in a certain sense, "divine"; and there is also a reasonable motive for accepting several of the Hebrew writings, which have been gathered helter-skelter after many accidents of time into the canonical fold of the Old Testament, as authentic utterances of some power that is greater than ourselves.

The Romans held a "superstition"—to repeat a word that has grown current in our present period of cynicism—that Virgil was so wise that he had hidden away an answer to every imaginable human problem

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CLIMAX OF THE "ELECTRA" OF SOPHOCLES. ORESTES CHALLENGES ÆGISTHOS TO MORTAL COMBAT; THE OTHER CHARACTERS ARE ELECTRA AND PYLADES. THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW WELL THE STAGE-SETTING, DESIGNED BY LIVINGSTON PLATT, IS ADAPTED TO MOMENTS OF RAPID AND EXCITING ACTION. GREAT ADVANTAGE IS DERIVED FROM PLAYING THE SCENE ON SEVERAL DIFFERENT LEVELS

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in some passage of his *Æneid;* and common men in need of guidance were advised to open his heroic poem blindfold, to place a finger on an accidental passage, and to read this passage as a mystical, oracular response to their imaginative inquisition.

This pagan incantation is not yet out-moded. It is still possible to trust the ancient writers for an answer to our modern questionings. And, in these times of trouble, we may profitably turn to the tragic poets of the period of Pericles.

II

For these, indeed, are times that try men's souls; and hundreds of millions of living men and women are troubled by an instant and tremendous problem of eternal justice. Let us state this problem very simply. We, who are civilised, have taught ourselves, through twenty centuries of Christianity, to believe that a war of aggression is a crime. We believe that this German war, launched deliberately after forty years of preparation, is the greatest crime of history. Yet the armies that sacked Serbia and butchered Belgium seem stronger now than when they were unleashed four years ago. The victims of the *Lusitania,* still unavenged, are visiting the bottom of the monstrous world; and ruined Rheims lifts up her splintered towers to a heaven that seems not to see. The aggressors have annexed great tracts of territory; they have extracted millions of dollars of tribute from their helpless neighbours; they have ruined Russia; and there seems to be no reason for refusing to admit that—thus far—they have won the war. Why then do we fight on? And why shall we continue to fight on—for twenty years if need be—against a foe apparently victorious? Not because of any facts or figures; but solely by virtue of our faith in what Matthew Arnold called "that eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness." We have a feeling that the members of the Potsdam gang, and all their followers in Germany and out of it, shall not finally escape the consequences of their crimes: for otherwise there is no God,—a thing unthinkable. . . .

But, since so eminent a statesman as Lord Landsdowne has become faint-hearted and has begun to talk of bartering with the burglar for a portion of his swag,—since even our own President, in a now regretted moment of "diplomatic" aberration, spoke once of a peace without punishment,—let us become again like little children, and re-adopt the ancient incantation, and turn to Sophocles for an answer to the moral problem that is bothering the world.

Let us turn, by choice, to his *Electra;* because, in that play, the ancient fiction parallels our modern facts. Heroic Agamemnon has been foully murdered by his wicked wife, Clytemnestra, and by her lustful paramour, Ægisthos. His only son, Orestes, has escaped to a far country; but many years have lapsed away, and nobody now knows whether he is dead or living. Meanwhile Ægisthos sits easily upon the throne he has usurped and luxuriates in the caresses of his partner in crime. Two daughters of the ancient stock remain in the house of Agamemnon. The one, Electra, reveres her father's memory; and, for this reverence, she is relegated to the quarters of the slaves and doomed to dress in rags.

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The other—a fluffy and light-minded girl, Chrysothemis — may be regarded as the very pattern of a pacifist. She admits that her mother is a murderess, and that her step-father is a traitor, an adulterer, and an usurper; but she has discovered that the quickest way to her own comfort is to forget their crimes and to accept the *largesse* of their hospitality. Her philosophy is quite as simple as that of Nikolai Lenine: —to the victor belongs the spoils; and Chrysothemis is not impeded, by any twinge of conscience, from being spoiled. But lone Electra looms, and anguishes, and waits,—hoping without hope, against a future day of final judgment. Even the Chorus argues with Electra, and asks her why—in default of the longed-for reappearance of Orestes—she continues to rebel against a pair of criminals whose power is apparently impregnable. And then Electra answers, in these lines:—

For if the dead, as dust and nothing found,
Shall lie there in his woe,
And they shall fail to pay
The penalty of blood,
Then should all fear of Gods from earth decay,
And all men's worship prove a thing of naught.

In other words, the murderers *cannot* ultimately go unpunished for their crimes: for else there is no God, —a thing unthinkable. . . . This *reductio ad absurdam*—which may serve to send us back, with hearts uplifted, to our task of building ships and raising armies—was enunciated by the apostolic Sophocles more than three and twenty centuries ago. . . . And these lines—not paraphrased, as in the foregoing quotation, by the pedestrian Professor Plumptre, but eloquent in the original Greek—might well be flung back by our President in answer to the next appeal for peace from Chancellor von Hertling. Sophocles —in the inspired phrase of William Blake—"saw eternity in an hour," and told us, in the tiny compass of less than fifty words, "all we need to know" about the most tremendous moral problem of the present time. The theme of the *Electra* is not—as certain students have surmised—the satisfaction of so primitive a passion as the lust for blood: it is, instead, the vindication of a necessary faith in "that eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness."

III

Another topic that demands the immediate attention of that emphatically modern person who is colloquially called "the man in the street" is the subject of the new enfranchisement of women after many centuries of servitude. Precisely forty years ago, Henrik Ibsen wrote, in the course of his preparatory notes for *A Doll's House*:—"There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of conscience,—one in man, and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man. . . . A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view."

Two thousand three hundred and fifty years ago, Euripides of Athens expressed himself upon this self-same subject, in a Chorus of Women that has been translated by Professor

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Gilbert Murray in the English lines that follow:—

Back streams the wave on the ever-running river:
Life, life is changed and the laws of it o'ertrod.
Man shall be the slave, the affrighted, the low-liver!
Man hath forgotten God.
And woman, yea, woman, shall be terrible in story:
The tales, too, meseemeth, shall be other than of yore.
For a fear there is that cometh out of Woman and a glory,
And the hard hating voices shall encompass her no more!

The old bards shall cease, and their memory that lingers
Of frail brides and faithless, shall be shrivelled as with fire.
For they loved us not, nor knew us: and our lips were dumb, our fingers
Could wake not the secret of the lyre.
Else, else, O God the Singer, I had sung amid their rages
A long tale of Man and his deeds for good and ill.
But the Old World knoweth—'tis the speech of all his ages—
Man's wrong and ours: he knoweth and is still.

Did Ibsen of Norway say any more upon this modern subject, in the year A.D. 1878, than Euripides of Greece had already said and sung, in the year B.C. 431,—the first year of the eighty-seventh Olympiad, when he submitted his *Medea* and won only a third prize in competition with Euphorion, the son of Æschylus, who carried off the palm, and with Sophocles, who took the second prize? . . . Or am I right in thinking that Euripides was inspired with a prescience that may reasonably be regarded as prophetical? . . .

IV

The outstanding event of the current theatre-season in New York [and, of course, "the onlie begetter" of the present commentary] has been the popular triumph of Miss Margaret Anglin's productions, in Carnegie Hall, of the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Medea* of Euripides. This triumph has been truly popular. There are more than three thousand seats in Carnegie Hall; and every seat has been filled at each of the five or six repetitions of these ancient tragedies. The commercial problem —from the moment when the project was initially announced—was not how to attract the public, but how to provide accommodation for the people who besieged the box-office, in long lines, with money in their hands.

Between fifteen and twenty thousand people attended in New York, within the compass of a single month, Miss Anglin's reproductions of these two Athenian tragedies. It is not, by any means, to be inferred that this enormous audience was made up mainly of people who had previously read the writings of Euripides and Sophocles. It is safe to assume that these high and far-off names meant next to nothing to the majority of those attracted to the undertaking by the reputation of Miss Anglin or by the reputation of her justly popular collaborator, Mr. Walter Damrosch. But Miss Anglin soon convinced the many-headed public that the great Greek poets [to express the matter in a phrase remembered from the Bible] are "not dead but living," and that their message to mankind is instant and immediate, because it is eternal.

V

Why is it that any so-called "modern" play which is "revived" after an interval of only twenty or thirty

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years seems always irretrievably "old-fashioned,"—while any adequate production of a play originally written in the age of Pericles appears always—in the phrase of Robert Browning—"strange and new."

This question is not difficult to answer. The Greeks—in contemplating any subject for a work of art—sought only and sought always for inklings of eternity. By imagination they removed their topics "out of space, out of time," and regarded them from the point of view of an absolute and undisrupted leisure. They sought, in any subject, not for transitory hintings of the here and now, but always and only for indications of the absolute and undeniable. By deliberate intention, they wrote "not of an age but for all time."

Another point to be recalled is that the tragic dramatists of ancient Athens were never tempted to pursue the *ignis fatuus* of novelty. No playwright—in those high and far-off days—was ever expected, or permitted, to invent a story. The Athenian dramatists dealt only with tales that had already been familiar to the public for a thousand years. Their function was—as artists—to extract a new and unexpected truth from the elucidation of an ancient fable, and not to catch the light attention of the public by the sudden flaunting of some flag of novelty. The augustness of Greek criticism may be measured by the fact that the *Medea* of Euripides took only a third prize in Athens in the year 431 B. C. It was probably too "modern" or too "revolutionary" to satisfy the honourable judges who accorded the first prize to Euphorion, the son of Æschylus.

VI

By virtue of the managerial incentive of Miss Anglin, our theatre-going public has lately been convinced that Sophocles and Euripides are more alive to-day than Mr. George Broadhurst and Mr. George V. Hobart. Miss Anglin is greatly to be praised for this achievement in the education of the populace. She has done what hundreds and hundreds of scholarly professors have failed to do:—she has sent thousands of unscholarly and normal people back to their libraries, to read [or to reread] the tragic dramatists of ancient Athens and to experience an unexpected joy.

The plays of these great dramatists are so effective that all that is necessary, in the modern theatre, is to leave them alone and to act them as they are: yet this very simple point is usually missed by those who approach the ancient drama from the point of view of archæology. Sophocles and Euripides have been damned for generations by pedagogues who have insisted on counting the quantitative value of every syllable of every line; and, even in the theatre, these immortal plays might almost be reduced to the realm of the utter anæsthetic by an all-too-sedulous adherence to the foregone conventions of the ancient stage.

Miss Anglin's very first productions of these plays were disclosed, in the summer of 1915, in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California. This was an open-air auditorium, constructed in imitation of the ancient theatre of Dionysus in Athens, and ample for the seating of twenty thousand people. Assured, in advance, of the patronage of an enormous audience, Miss Anglin must

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have been tempted to turn "scholarly," and to project these ancient dramatists as men long dead, instead of men forever living. This temptation she resisted, because she is an artist. She discarded the masque and the *cothurnus*: she removed the chorus from the orchestra to the stage; and, in many other ways, she recomposed these ancient fables according to the more familiar pattern of the theatre of to-day.

In California, Miss Anglin showed her common sense [a most uncommon quality, as the great Descartes has told us] by refusing to produce these ancient plays by sunlight, despite the precedent that has been handed down from ancient history. A modern spectator of a Greek play delivered out of doors is greatly bothered by the modern look of the people in the audience; and the only way to obviate this interruption is to drench and drown the audience in darkness, while an artificial light is focussed on the actors on the stage. This subterfuge necessitates a night performance; and, for this reason, Miss Anglin, in her experimental renderings of the Pericleian dramatists in California, decided wisely to eschew the ancient custom of appearing under the indirigible light of day.

VII

Carnegie Hall is an empty and inhospitable auditorium, resembling neither the Athenian theatre of Dionysus nor any modern theatre of Broadway; and Miss Anglin's artistic director, Mr. Livingston Platt, was called upon to decorate the stage in a mood that should be suited amply to the height of the occasion. In this endeavour, Mr. Platt succeeded almost perfectly. His setting for the *Electra* of Sophocles was simple, yet magnificent, in architecture. Tall pylons soared beyond the sight; and, before great doorways, many stairs spilled down in cataracts that seemed to gather into an eternal tide. Mr. Fred Eric—who depicted the part of Orestes in this play—reported his impression of this setting in some such words as follow: "When I enter, up or down those stairs, I *have* to act much better than I have ever acted at any time before. The whole play is plotted out on different levels, which indicate different degrees of dominance. Whenever I stand firmly footed on those stairs and read a speech, I feel at ease: I do not need to strive: the architect has solved the problem for the actor."

On the other hand, the present writer is required to record a disagreement with the decorative project conceived by Mr. Platt for his setting of the *Medea* of Euripides. The high point in this play is that moment when the Chorus of Corinthian Women swarm up many steps and impotently push against the door that impedes them from preventing the insatiate, insane Medea from murdering her children. The cry of these agonised and helpless children is answered only by the feeble fluttering of thirty helpless hands. The exigencies of this situation demand—obviously—that the door to Medea's house should be cyclopean in ponderosity. After Jason has accomplished his delayed re-entrance, he is required [according to the lines] to order his underlings to break through this mighty door with crow-bars. Yet—in the setting designed by Mr. Platt—this all-important gateway to disaster is represented merely by an open grill-work

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that looks incapable of resisting the determined push of fifteen women. The effect of the *Medea* on the stage —like the effect of *The Death of Tintagiles,* in which M. Maeterlinck was not ashamed to follow in the footsteps of Euripides—depends largely upon the adamantine solidity that can be suggested by the setting to the eye; and Mr. Livingston Platt has weakened the climax of the play by designing a central door for the *Medea* that looks as if it might be pushed open without effort by any ardent crowd composed of fifteen women.

THE TELEPHONE

BY A. CARTER GOODLOE

When from its niche the importunate bell calls clear,
The miracle is wrought without delay.
Speech culled from air wings to the marvelling ear,
Swift, unseen shuttles through aerial way
Weave back and forth, bringing deep woe or cheer—
Strange, tenuous messengers of joy, dismay,
Of pain or crouching care or hope or fear.
Love, when thy summons comes, quick, I obey!
Unclasp the magic instrument and there
Vibrates thy voice across the trembling wires
Breaking my bonds of silence and despair.
Space is annihilate—far though thou art,
I feel thee near me, Love, heart to my heart,
And hope, grown cold, enkindles with new fires!

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THE FOOD CRUSADE*

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

NEVER in human memory have men been so conscious of their dinners as they are to-day. They prepare for them with forethought and they eat them with conscientious care. Scruples sit at their elbows and duty watches Argus-eyed at every helping.

What is the meaning of this universal concern with food? A few years ago we were willing to admit that under certain circumstances food could be an art. Then we discovered that it is a science. And now the World War has made it into a Crusade. Discussions of the food problem occupy in newspapers and magazines space commensurate with that given to engagements on the battle-field and the wordy battles preliminary to an international understanding. Admonitory fingers point from every sign-board. Whole departments in magazines are devoted to the various interests of cookery and conservation.

One looking in on the busy world of war from some other and quieter zone might suppose that humanity had suddenly turned squirrel, that with consciousness of coming dangers and short supplies it was setting aside from its present stores the sustenance instinct tells it will be greatly in demand. But the observer would be badly deceived in thus explaining by reference to a primitive instinct a programme which is in fact derived from other and higher forces in human nature.

Twenty years ago Bloch wrote that the future of war lay not in fighting but in famine. In laying down this dictum he had in mind primarily the dislocation of the factors of production, the violation of the machinery of exchange, the breaking of morale through hunger, and the possibility that considerable numbers of people might be reduced to inefficiency through the lowering of food supplies below the line of vital support. In its general features much that Bloch outlined has been seen to come to pass. With almost uncanny precision the war is following the programme he outlined, with one important exception. And this exception promises to be the vital factor in the case.

For Bloch saw only the negative and destructive side. But war has its constructive features no less than has peace. Bloch failed to see that the very forces he was outlining were developing a new set of social virtues, in which co-operation, imagination, the ability to visualise the other man's case, to put into effective practice a plan based upon an ideal theory, are the fundamental features. The result of the war will be spelled in terms of victory for the party that is able to develop out of

*The World's Food. Edited by Clyde L. King, being the November, 1917, number of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Philadelphia.

The Food Problem. By Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor, with a Preface by Herbert Hoover. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Food in Wartime. By Graham Lusk. W. B. Saunders. Philadelphia.

Food Preparedness for the United States. By Charles O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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the hardships of war an internal spiritual economy that cannot be broken, rather than in terms of defeat for famished populations. Considered in this way food is seen to be representative of larger issues than mere physical sustenance, however important this may be. It signifies a test of personal stamina, of individual stability under anxiety no less than of the force of the social bond. While foolish optimism is to be deplored, a healthy self-knowledge is demanded. There can be no question as to where real strength lies under such an interpretation as this. In a struggle in which famine is the instrument autocracy would have the advantage on account of its command over machinery. But no democrat can doubt for a moment that a social cause is a stronger incentive to the maintenance of morale than fidelity to an autocrat.

These thoughts are given some point by some notable books that have recently been published. In September, 1917, there was held in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, a conference on the World's Food. The papers read at this conference, some thirty-five in all, have now been gathered together under the title *The World's Food* by the general editor Clyde L. King, and constitute the November, 1917, number of the Annals of the Academy. There is no opportunity here to give more than a suggestion of the variety and richness of the offerings in this volume. An adequate review of the volume would have to cover dietetic, economic, and strategic facts which are out of the range of the present paper and beyond the powers of the writer. It is sufficient to say that *The World's Food* contains the thirty-five articles of the Food Conserver's Faith. If you wish to understand the principles of the food problem of the world and are not a subscriber to the publications of the Academy, you cannot do better than to get this book from the library.

The World's Food Supply, International Rationing, surveys of the food situations of the Neutral nations and the Allies; *Food Utilisation and Conservation*, with articles on diet, on the housekeeper's problems, on noteworthy measures of conservation; *Production and Marketing Plans for Next Year*, with studies on *An Agricultural Policy for the United States; Urban and Suburban Food Production*, marketing, labour problems, sheep, potato and milk problems, and a section on *Price Control* are the chief topics treated in this volume. Among the writers are Fridtjof Nansen, Señor Don Ignacio Calderon, the Bolivian Minister, Viscount Ishii, Arthur Pollen, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Gifford Pinchot, President Van Hise, Clifford Thorne and J. E. Davies.

If *The World's Food* supplies the doctrine, *The Food Problem*, by Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor, is the testament of food conservation. Both men were well equipped to write the particular kind of book the emergency called for. Kellogg had been associated with Hoover throughout the work of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium and had been his delegate on more than one occasion when the fortunes of the little nation lay in the balance. Taylor had studied food conditions in Germany in the early years of the war, and upon his return to America had proceeded to develop rapidly into one of the leading authorities on

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the social economics of war in this country. Both had come to the crusading spirit through the safe roads of science.

To me the beauty of this book lies in the fact that a multitude of facts are bent to ends that magnify these facts. Like *The World's Food*, this book also represents food as a world problem. We can be parochial in our quarrels, our loves and our hates. We cannot be parochial in our eating if we are going to keep ourselves fed. So manifestly international is food, so thoroughly does it depend upon a world state of agriculture and exchange, that one finds himself thinking as he runs over the authors' figures of imports, tables of yields, facts on nutrition values, that the whole world, Germany included, lies open before his view. It is with a shock of a new realisation of the meaning of war that one remembers that an arbitrary fissure has been driven into what is naturally a solid structure. The meaning of the present disruption of the world is spelled not only in lost lives and injured fortunes, but in the demand for a total reconstruction of the internal economy of nations. In spite of the mishaps and divisions of war this reconstruction is itself obedient to a world plan.

Messrs. Kellogg and Taylor perhaps would not confess these thoughts as their own. Nor would they, perhaps, confess to the literary value of the material they have treated with such scientific restraint. Those things which concern human nature so nearly, our power under pressure, our freedom in sacrifice, are the materials of literature. In three short years Belgium has been raised into a legend. And now we see developing another story, the story of America, the Wheat Bringer. It is not her own need that is calling her to lay aside wheat in the granaries. She is trying an experiment the like of which has not been seen before, which is nothing less than an experiment in organised sacrifice. These forces, born out of the demand for food as the universal need, are generating new virtues in society that may be effective in turning the scale to victory. Morale is a very real and substantial thing in a democracy. And morale is always self-built from within. It cannot be pampered into vigour from outside.

Two other books dealing in general with the food problem of the war are: *Food Preparedness for the United States*, by Charles O'Brien; and *Food in Wartime*, by Graham Lusk. Of these the latter is concerned more with rules of living under a conservation régime, with balancing of diets, and calories in common life, than with the psychology that underlies the present international problem of providing foodstuffs for the Allies. Mr. O'Brien's book was the first to appeal for measures of preparedness on the part of the United States in connection with the food problem. While he deals fully with the sociology of conservation, it is rather in the spirit of "preparedness" than of a resolute utilisation of extant materials in a military cause. His book is more of a warning than a programme of administrative measures, or an outline of conditions.

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY—NEWS AND REVIEWS*

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

INTERPRETING POETRY BY THE DANCE

At the Chicago Little Theatre, about a year ago, Vachel Lindsay, always the innovator, staged one of his most picturesque experiments—a dance accompaniment to several of his poems, which he chanted in lieu of music. The dancer was Miss Eleanor Dougherty, who had first improvised an interpretation of Mr. Lindsay's poems when they were both guests at the home of Mrs. William Vaughn Moody.

The idea of dancing to the rhythms of poetry rather than to music, to give a visual embodiment of the poet's idea while he himself chanted the lines, held such possibilities that much interest was created by the experiment. Mr. Lindsay describes it at some length in his latest volume, *The Chinese Nightingale*, but modestly speaks of it as an attempt to render "Poem Games," whereas it is much more than this, so much more, indeed, that it holds the possibility of becoming a distinct and beautiful art.

During his recent visit to New York, Mr. Lindsay and Miss Dougherty gave two programmes, one at the Women's University Club and one at the Cosmopolitan Club. Several of the lighter fantasies, such as *The King of Yellow Butterflies*, *The Potato Dance*, and *Aladdin and the Jinn*, were given with charming effect, while *King Solomon* offered an opportunity for more dramatic presentation. As rhythmic speech would naturally outrun its accompaniment in the dance or pantomime, Mr. Lindsay uses repetition wherever it is needed, and these repetitions are immensely effective, enforcing the beauty of the lines while giving the dancer leisure for their interpretation. To be sure Vachel Lindsay's work is remarkable for its rhythms, and therefore lends itself particularly well to chanting, but any poetry that possesses beauty of tone and picturesqueness is susceptible of dance interpretation. The field is unlimited and, as Mr. Lindsay suggests, could be admirably applied to classic poetry. Why should we not see the school of Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes or the Duncan Dancers interpret *Atalanta in Calydon?* The rhythms of poetry, as accompaniment, may be made as rich and harmonious as music, and instead of detracting from the beauty of the poet's work, such a representation may enhance it.

Other poets are now taking up Mr. Lindsay's idea and working it out with individual variations, particularly Alfred Kreymborg in his *Poem Mimes*, of which one was published in the March issue of *Poetry*. This was enacted during the past winter in St. Louis, with Orrick Johns as the poet-commentator. In

*Toward the Gulf. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Hill-Tracks. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

My Ireland. By Francis Carlin. New York: The Wolf Tone Company.

Songs of the Celtic Past. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. New York: John Lane Company.

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Mr. Kreymborg's poem, *Where the Willow Nods*, the lines are constantly interpreted in pantomime, several characters being introduced, while a beautiful stage setting is furnished. The poem is very slight and its poetic value negligible, but it has picturesque features, being definitely written for pantomimic acting, while Vachel Lindsay's work was written with no thought of such presentation, but merely lends itself to it by virtue of its inherently rhythmic and pictorial qualities. *The Chinese Nightingale*, for example, was lately produced by a group of students of the English Department of Chicago University, with a cast of twelve persons and an appropriate setting. The Oriental picture, we understand, proved very beautiful.

There is no reason to fear that poetry will become theatrical by being associated in this way with other arts. The field of poetry is vast and comparatively few poems, at best, would be adapted to such presentation. The possibilities of this art are more important, however, than may appear on the surface, since it borders so closely upon poetic drama as eventually to merge into it and have an influence in restoring this greater art to the stage.

PAN-AMERICAN POETRY

Latin-America has invaded New York and bids fair to conquer it, by the only conquest likely to be permanent in this unstable world, the conquest of art and of beauty. From every country of South America and from Cuba and Mexico, the poets have come, as accredited emissaries, not of their political governments, but of the people whom they represent. This is, indeed, more than a gracious statement, for in the Latin-American countries the poet is more than the law maker, more than the one who may temporarily chance to sit in high places. To verify this, one has only to recall that in all the countries of Latin-America the death of Rubén Dario was attended by a public period of mourning, such as would be given to a ruler. Dario came to New York the winter before his death, and was here for several months, but so little was known at that time of the literature of our sister countries that his visit passed unnoticed. He was frequently a guest at the Poetry Society of America, but no public meeting was given in his honour, so unconscious were we of the fact that we were entertaining the greatest poet then writing in the Spanish tongue.

When, however, José Santos Chocano, who at the death of Dario became the leading poet of Latin-America, came to New York, during the past winter, he was warmly welcomed and an opportunity was given admirers of his work to hear him interpret it at one of the meetings of the Poetry Society. Even without a knowledge of Spanish, it would still have been possible to get the essence of the poems and to recognise their fine poetic beauty from the superb reading of them given by Chocano. It was creative reading, as if the poems were newly taking shape in the poet's mind. No one hearing him had any doubt as to Chocano's rare gifts as a poet. But not only Peru and Nicaragua have been represented among our visitors, at this very moment one might make a roll-call of the Latin-American countries and find some poet here to respond: witness Alfonso Guillén Zelaya, of

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Honduras; Pedro Henríquez Ureña, of Santa Domingo; Luis Martin Guzmán, of Mexico; Mariano Brull, of Cuba; Alberto Reid, of Chile; Ricardo Arenales, of Colombia; Salomón de la Selva, of Nicaragua, and José Santos Chocano, of Peru.

Not only are they here, but as several of them will remain indefinitely in New York, they are contributing to an interesting venture, the publication of a magazine of verse, designed to bring into closer relation the poets of the two Americas. To be sure, magazines devoted to verse come and go in almost equal ratio; but hope springs eternal and "no sooner the old hope goes to ground, than a new one straight to the selfsame mark" is projected by some visionary. Were it not so, we should get nowhere, for the visionaries save the world. The new magazine, which goes forth under the name of *Pan-American Poetry*, is edited by one of the youngest and most enthusiastic, as well as one of the most gifted, of the poets, Salomón de la Selva, who for some years has been in this country and has, therefore, a more practical knowledge of our conditions. He is assisted by several of the poets previously mentioned. The magazine is equally divided into work by Latin-Americans, printed in Spanish, with an English translation, and work by our own poets, printed in English, with a Spanish translation. Some excellent verse has already appeared, and there is every reason to expect that *Pan-American Poetry* will fulfil its office of making each country better acquainted with the work of the other. It should, therefore, be warmly supported. The magazine is published at 132 West Forty-seventh Street, New York.

RECENT BOOKS

Unless one wishes to think and to face all the consequences of thinking, he should let quite alone Edgar Lee Masters's new book, *Toward the Gulf*. This is not a book for entertainment. The publishers mislead one when they say on the cover that it is "a successor to his first and very popular work." *Spoon River* was a juvenile entertainment as compared with *Toward the Gulf*. In *Spoon River* Mr. Masters could laugh at life, even when he found it in the sorriest plight. He was still on the surface of things. In each succeeding book he has gone deeper and deeper until, as I have said, one who follows him *Toward the Gulf* does so at his own risk.

This title obviously applies to the course of the Father of Waters, which flows through Mr. Masters's poetic domain, "The Great Valley," but if it be not symbolical, then no poet ever had a truth within a symbol. Every one of these poems is a look into the gulf, the impenetrable depth of life, and depths, as we know, are dark and forbidding. One who looks into them is disquieted, and from long looking, returns, blinking and uncertain, to the light. Exactly this effect follows the reading of *Toward the Gulf*. One comes back to the common day a little bewildered and looks upon his companions with surprise and incredulity, as if to say, "Do you, too, conceal so much? are you, too, as inscrutable as this?"

Edgar Lee Masters is, in short, the most penetrating and merciless psychologist of the present day and surely the bravest. He withholds nothing. Witness such a poem as *Samuel Butler et Al*, where one indicts his mother for a life of recreance to the finer duties of mother-

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hood, while he pictures with pitiless exactness the whole panorama of her life. This might be inexcusable, were it not true. We have all seen this woman and observed every detail that Mr. Masters depicts. Indeed this book is full of first-hand studies, of minute observation. These souls under a microscope, however they might wish to escape, can withhold nothing. One marvels continually at the relentless analysis which probes deeper and deeper, seeking for the hidden springs of action. Only the trained mind, the legal mind, could pursue such clues and arrive at such unappealable decisions. Heredity has an irresistible fascination for Mr. Masters, and it appears and reappears in his latest work. In *Excluded Middle* its effect upon a whole family is shown, in the light of that ever-baffling preoccupation of Mr. Masters—cross-currents of sex, and parental inharmony. In *Botanical Gardens* it appears as an analogy between the life of man and the plant, both of which strive and grow and crowd and dispossess until, with the human species, it brings war. But nature is equally pitiless and prodigal and complacently "scatters life into the maws of death."

In *Neanderthal*, he turns to evolution, seeking the skull of the first man that dreamed above the brute, only to show the heavenward flight of the human mind that could at length realise itself in Shelley. Under so forbidding a title as *Dr. Scudder's Clinical Lecture*, which begins in a purely scientific treatise on heredity, comparing and weighing authorities as one might in the classroom, he gives us the story of a spiritual illumination which unfolds like a great yellow rose, laying bare more and more of the beauty and mystery of the soul. Of course, to Doctor Scudder, the case upon which he dilates is paranoia, since the subject thinks he has had a direct revelation from God.

So much for heredity, though this by no means exhausts the list of the poems in which it appears. But what do these poems show? An immense, consuming preoccupation with life, life that constantly transcends itself, life that is prophecy hardly yet hinted. Indeed before one gets through with Mr. Masters's book he sees that just so far as he has looked into the gulf, he has looked beyond it, and that the one vision has by no means destroyed the clearness of the other. It is evident that the immense contrasts of life, the brute and the angel in man, Neanderthal and Shelley, engross his thought and struggle to be reconciled. Indeed, if we have both a penetrating and a luminous thinker in modern American poetry, it is Edgar Lee Masters, and one says this with full recognition of the fact that it is not always pleasant to follow him in his penetrations.

There is no question that the psychologist in Mr. Masters often gets the better of the poet, particularly in the more elaborate studies in his last two volumes. One misses the pith and pungency of *Spoon River* and the gayety, even if a sardonic gayety, that enlivened the earlier pages. His entire mood has changed, he is intent upon the deeper truth of life and does not hesitate to sacrifice poetic effect to philosophical speculation. While beauty is by no means absent from the work, it is secondary. We know it was secondary to Browning, in a great mass of his work—and the Browning in-

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fluence is strongly apparent in the later work of Edgar Lee Masters—but as near to Browning's period as we still are, we have come to see that he will live almost solely by that portion of his work where beauty triumphs or where philosophy and beauty are one. Mr. Masters strikes off so many fine, imaginative flashes, one comes so frequently upon passages of both power and beauty, that he is constantly impressed with the fact that if the art side appealed to the poet as strongly as the philosophical side appeals, he could fuse the two more completely and give us work more certain of its future place as sheer poetry. Yet even this may be undue cavilling. So much modern poetry is mere prettiness, one reads so many volumes of gracefully turned verse that scarcely differ an iota, one from another, and show no valid reason for being—that it is invigorating to come upon a work in which one feels a sense of mass and force; a work which calls forth definite opinions, even though they be of resistance. There is something of the Titan in Edgar Lee Masters, something that makes many other poets seem puny beside him. He is a thinker, and, as we know, thinkers are not let loose every day upon the earth

What change has come over the spirit of Wilfrid Gibson's dreams, that he, the realist, who depressed us with the painful actualities of life, should have turned romanticist and even in the midst of war be able to charm and elate us as he does in *Hill-Tracks?* Only last autumn his collected work came out practically void of lyrics, save for the group of *Battle*, but so fresh and true and outright were these songs and so well did they prove that realism could have a lyric embodiment, that everyone must have wondered that Mr. Gibson did not sooner employ a vehicle in which he showed such mastery. Now he has gone a step farther, and the reader of *Hill-Tracks* will question if he has been a realist at all. This is only to say, however, that we must burn our yard-sticks, abandon our hard-and-fast distinctions and let the spirit of poetry range where it will.

The trouble with Mr. Gibson as a realist was that he was too deadly in earnest: he told the truth too well. He stripped away every illusion, everything that could have left a vestige of complacence in the mind of a reader who was not devoting his life to social betterment. Back of *Fires* and *Daily Bread* and *Livelihood* and all the other work hitherto most characteristic, was the reformer, the social protagonist, upon whom the burden is laid to depict life at its cruellest and hardest and so arouse an apathetic world. No one will question the truth, the utter truth, of conditions as Mr. Gibson depicts them nor the tragedy of lives ground between the upper and nether mill-stones; but there is a truth beyond truth for the poet—shall we call it transfiguration? One misses this in Mr. Gibson's work, and just as one assents to the fact as Mr. Gibson depicts it, he dissents from the conclusion, though it be only implied. In Masefield's work, no matter what the reality, one has always something beyond, always the reach into infinity. In Robert Frost's work, too, however barren the life, however meagre the condition, he manages to transfigure it and to touch with tenderness all that he depicts. If we miss something in

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Mr. Gibson's former work, significant as it is, if we find it unduly weighed down with the burden of life, we have the more joy in these lyrics which are sheerly romantic and altogether delightful.

Mr. Gibson's *Hill-Tracks* lead to Northumberland, though one might imagine they led through Welsh passes to Snowdon, so strange are these names and so undomesticated in poetry. Skirlnaked, Keilder Stone, Foulbarn Gair, Black Stitchel, Catcleuch Shin, Blaweary,—how can such names as these trip off the tongue with never a lyric mishap? So perfectly, however, does Mr. Gibson accomplish this feat, and those more difficult, that it is largely through these strange names that he gets not only his atmosphere but his lyric effects. The poets of a country like England have an immense advantage over those of a new country like America, when they would employ local nomenclature. Every name is rich with associations and most of them are derived from some tradition of the place, whereas American names confront you with their newness. Joyce Kilmer in his poem *The Twelve-Forty-Five* attempted to make illustrious the towns of New Jersey, but somehow Rahway and Mahwah would not do.

Despite the North of England topography, the poems have a strangely Celtic ring and one could close his eyes and fancy he heard Padraic Colum, or some other good Irishman, reading aloud from a book of Celtic verse. Even in the lyrics that have no legendary background, but are concerned with such immediate things as the war, this Celtic touch is easily apparent:

I met an old man at Stow-on-the-Wold
Who shook and shivered as though with cold.
And he said to me, "Six sons I had
And each was a tall and a lively lad.

"But all of them went to France with the guns,
They went together, my six tall sons.

"Six Sons I had, six sons I had,—
And each was a tall and a lively lad."

Mr. Gibson has learned the art of economy and suggestion, and this is the more remarkable since his work in other forms than the lyric errs on the side of fulness. Nothing is left unsaid in his narrative poems, and indeed his earlier work as a whole tends to prolixity and heaviness, whereas these lyrics are as light as the feet of fairies in the moonlight and as magical. This is not to say, however, that they have no more relation to actual things. Nearly all of them take one's breath away with some poignant implication. True, one gets echoes through them, echoes of old Scotch ballads, echoes of Gaelic songs, but where shall one hear music that has no echoes, when all beauty is but a reminder? Had we not, indeed, some memory, some association which relates to us, as if by long familiarity, what the poet says, should we be moved at all by his words? Mr. Gibson's new songs are only incidentally of the war, most of them have some dramatic background, some bit of North Country legendry as their theme, while fells and linns and whins and braes give the atmosphere. One might almost quote the book at random, for all of the songs have what one might call an eerie charm, but for the sake of brevity let it be *Candle Gate:*

Who comes so late to Candle Gate?
Who comes so late,
By rainy bent and roaring spate?

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Who knocks so late at Candle Gate?
Who knocks so late?
Who knocks so low, yet will not wait?

Who rides in state from Candle Gate?
Who rides in state,
By rainy bent and roaring spate?
Who rides so slow, yet will not wait,
Nor bide at all for love or hate?

Recently Padraic Colum has been giving a series of lectures upon Celtic poetry which penetrated to the very heart of the matter. The eternal fascination of Ireland lies partly in the fact that it is an eternal enigma. No one wholly understands an Irishman, no one can predict his movements or forecast his opinions. Just as one has captured him he escapes. The critic is helpless before the ever-new soul of the Gael. Only one of his own number can understand him, one with the sensitive, quickly divining genius that catches every mood and shade of his temperament. Such an one is Padraic Colum, because he, too, is a Gael of the Gaels, and indeed if I were asked to name the most inherently Irish poet of the younger group, I should instinctively name Colum.

All this is preliminary to saying that in his lectures Mr. Colum brought forward the work of a new poet whom he had the happy fortune to be one of the first to recognise, an American-born Celt, Francis Carlin, who pays his devoir to the Motherland in a volume called *My Ireland*. Had Mr. Carlin been born upon Irish soil his work could not smack of it more pungently. With a love that would thrill the coldest he exclaims:

O God that I
  May arise with the Gael
To the song in the sky
  Over Inisfail!

Ulster, your dark
  Mould for me;
Munster, a lark
  Hold for me!

Connaught, a *caoine*
  Croon for me;
Leinster, a mean
  Stone for me!

O God that I
  May arise with the Gael
To the song in the sky
  Over Inisfail!

Here the lyric cry is more than a conventional term, it is a passion. I find myself regretting that Mr. Carlin was not born on Irish soil that he might enter unchallenged into all the shaping life of that country which so commands him. He has the blood of prophets and martyrs, nothing would be too hard or too high for him; and he understands the Celt with an almost clairvoyant understanding. Mr. Carlin's gift is wholy lyrical, he is the singer, impulsive, unpremeditated, his heart in every line. *Beyond Rathkelly* shows how native to him is song:

As I went over the Far Hill,
  Just beyond Rathkelly,
Och, to be on the Far Hill
  O'er Newtonstewart Town!
As I went over the Far Hill
  With Margaret's daughter Nellie,
The night was up and the moon was out
  And a star was falling down.

As I went over the Far Hill,
  Just Beyond Rathkelly,
Och, to be on the Far Hill
  Over the Bridge o'Moyle!
As I went over the Far Hill
  With Margaret's daughter Nellie,
I made a wish before the star
  Had fallen in the Foyle.

As I went over the Far Hill
  Just Beyond Rathkelly,
Och, to be on the Far Hill
  With the hopes that I had then!
As I went over the Far Hill
  I wished for little Nellie,
And if a star were falling now,
  I'd wish for her again.

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Mr. Carlin's book needs a good deal of weeding, which will be done in the new edition soon to be issued, but there will be a residue of verse with as Celtic a flavour as if it had come from Ireland herself. Mr. Carlin has, of course, visited in Ireland and his parentage is Irish. One thing is noticeable in his work, however, that shows the American infusion—he has none of the melancholy of the Celt, but a buoyancy which constantly exhilarates.

Wholly unlike him in theme and temperament, having more pronouncedly the qualities of the scholar and the dreamer, is Norreys Jephson O'Conor, whose fourth volume, *Songs of the Celtic Past*, has just been published. Mr. O'Conor, though born in this country, has the pure strain of the Celt, being descended on both sides from a long line of Irish gentry whose family seat is New Castle, at Mallow on the Blackwater, where, prior to the war, Mr. O'Conor spent much of his time. A thorough Gaelic scholar and steeped in the traditions of Ireland and her literature, Mr. O'Conor's themes are naturally drawn from these sources and much of his work has been in narrative and drama where some Celtic legend furnished the *motif*. The ancient Irish stories, like the sagas of other countries, have always something of eternal import, something beyond the mere romance, and it is this element in them which chiefly interests Mr. O'Conor and which he emphasises in his treatment of them. For example, in the story of *Ailill and Etain*, in his new volume, love that transcends the physical, that has been sublimated, is the inner theme of the narrative, which Mr. O'Conor retells in lines of much beauty.

In his Mystery Play, *Cormac's Christmas*, he has succeeded perhaps more fully in vitalising the theme, which turns upon the coming of Christianity to Ireland and the attempt of Cormac to resist the influence of Patrick, whose new God is undermining the ancient Druid faith. In a small compass Mr. O'Conor has done an excellent piece of drama. Conn, the son of Cormac, who will reign after him, has become a Christian and the conflict between the wills of the two men, each adhering to his own faith, makes a tense bit of drama. The dialogue has its modern application, for Cormac would have his son a warrior, able to hold Ireland by the sword, while Conn speaks to him of the might of gentleness.

The play, which is laid upon Christmas eve, ends with a beautiful scene wherein three strangers take shelter at Cormac's house, from the angry night. An ancient Druid prohibition has been laid upon Cormac that he shall not receive into his house three strangers on a night when it both rains and snows; but Cormac cannot deny the claims of hospitality, and with his strange guests, in their Eastern dress, about him, he sits in his great hall and awaits the issue of events. The candles flicker out and as the night advances only the firelight remains. The strangers, who have insisted upon keeping the vigil with Cormac, are gradually overcome with fatigue and sink to the floor in sleep. A knock is heard at the outer door, which opens without visible touch, the three strangers rise as if in a dream and are revealed as the Three Wise Men. They go softly out, followed by Cormac, who murmurs words of surrender to the Christian

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God. The miracle of the passing of Cormac is finely conceived and the whole play has dramatic art and beauty. Mr. O'Conor has, indeed, a dramatic gift likely to develop into the most important phase of his work. His delicate Irish play, *The Fairy Bride*, has had several successful presentations.

The only danger in treating these Celtic stories is that one must necessarily follow in the footsteps of others. Synge struck out into a new path and found the innate drama in peasant Ireland. After the war, when Mr. O'Conor resumes his annual visits to Ireland, we shall look for those direct studies of the Irish life and people which he expects to make. Mr. O'Conor has two lyric collections, and while this volume is chiefly given to narrative and drama, in such a lyric as *The Monk Pauses in His Labour, In the Monastery*, or in *Good-Bye*, one hears the voice of the singer. The last is an intimate footnote to what I have said of Mr. O'Conor and his Ireland:

Good-bye to tree and tower,
To meadow, stream, and hill,
Beneath the white clouds marshalled close
At the wind's will.

Good-bye to the gay garden,
With prim geraniums pied,
And spreading yew trees, old, unchanging,
Though men have died.

Good-bye to the New Castle
With granite walls and grey,
And rooms where faded greatness still
Lingers to-day.

To every friend in Mallow,
When I am gone afar,
These words of ancient Celtic hope,
"Peace after war."

I would return to Erin
When all these wars are by,
Live long among her hills before
My last good-bye.

LOVE AND MISS RITTENHOUSE

BY CLEMENT WOOD

THERE are certain figures in the populous world of letters whose sole influence upon their time comes from the written word,—solitary souls who pour into a book the personality locked from other expression. There is another type—and Samuel Johnson is the apt example—which adds to creative literary product the stimulating personal contact. Miss Rittenhouse, whose collected love poems swell the year's lyric tide, is known as a vivid force in the day's poetic renascence. One of the organising spirits of the Poetry Society of America, and long its secretary; critic, reader, and lecturer on current American poetry; anthologist of verse both modern and remote,—her evangelic energy has made her one of the main synthesising figures in the movement.

*The Door of Dreams** shows wise selection in its contents. There is no deviation from the mood struck by the forepoem; the book is wholly made up of brief songs of love. These have their authentic niche in the lyric chorus; would you have a wood filled only with nightingales, an orchestra all brasses? In the

*The Door of Dreams. By Jesse B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1918. Pp. 63, $1.00.

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bardic ensemble Miss Rittenhouse is the whisper of the quieter reed instrument. It is love she sings, but it is not the red surge of crescent passion, or the cosmic yawp of the corporeal realists; it is love retrained, disillusioned, too open-eyed to be cynical. *Paradox* catches the note:

I went out to the woods to-day
To hide away from you,
From you a thousand miles away—
But you came, too.

And yet the old dull thought would stay,
And all my heart benumb—
If you were but a mile away
You would not come.

The effect is heightened by a device which is one of the mainstays of light verse,—the epigrammatic last line. Over and over again she uses this with fine effectiveness.

Return, Defeat, and other lyrics re-vision the same theme. With *The Ghost* she passes into a broader note than the astringently amorous, a tone which deepens and swells to the final poems welding love and the war. *Sea Birds*, in this group, has an innate individualistic vigour, combined with the pretty grace of such a poem as Louis Untermeyer's *The Shell to the Pearl*. A precious self-consciousness speaks in *A Skiff*, in which she sees herself

A skiff upon the inland streams,
And not a frigate on the sea,
Is this, my heart, that drifts and dreams
In sweet, alluring vagrancy.

Again, there is no derogation in this; it is a vast improvement on would-be epic Sapphos, would-be dramatic lyricists. *Windows* is one of the notable straight glimpses at life:

I looked through others' windows
On an enchanted earth,
But out of my own window—
Solitude and dearth.

And yet there is a mystery
I cannot understand—
That others through my window
See an enchanted land.

The craftsmanship is invariably excellent; they are ornaments of hand-wrought silver, occasionally foiling a fugitive flash of the rare poetic gold.

Two lines in *The End* hold something of the ultimate phrasing:

We were not great enough for Love, the Vision,
And love, the flame, has swept us and burnt out!

This is foresight of the love of the future,— a love which is growing out of the present romantic love, even as that grew, in the clanking knightly days, from the unsublimated body-hunger of primitive times. This future love still waits to be shaped by forward-looking men and women. Something of the shaping has been suggested by this poet, in her *Freedom:*

Be free of me as any bird
That circles in the air,
Be free of me as any cloud
That mountain summits wear;

Be free as any wandering wind
That blows across the sea,
Be free as any restless wave
That moves continually.

For freest things must tire of flight,
And restless things must rest,
And all the lonesome winds will drive
You to my breast!

The modern expansion of poetry's rhythmic technique has not touched Miss Rittenhouse; she follows the Heine-Houseman tradition, although she is free of their cynical bitterness. There is nothing in the songs which promises a golden opulence of magic hereafter. But the book is intensely, quietly satisfying; it is worthy of all the old traditions of women's love songs, with a mordant spice of modernity lightly added.

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A STUDY OF THREE PERSONALITIES

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE radiant force of personality is perhaps the most wonderful and the most inspiring of all the manifestations of human nature. For its power is so great to influence countless lives, it so spreads and grows and moves on from achievement to achievement that its final summing up—if indeed there is for it any finality—would be, for any force not made of human spirit, out of all relation with its origin. In the biographies of these three men there is glowing evidence to that great truth. There are many similarities in their careers, but the most striking is that each one exemplifies the force that dwells in personality, that each one possessed in high degree the power and the will to influence the lives about him, to put the stamp of his own spirit upon them, to set in motion currents of thought and activity that would flow on and on to immeasurable results.

Certain outward similarities link the three men together, for they were all Unitarian clergymen, they were all liberalising forces in religion, they all lived long, busy, beneficent lives that covered very nearly the same periods of time from the first quarter of the nineteenth to the early years of the twentieth century. But in origin, training, modes of life and thought, surroundings, outlook upon life there were so many and so great divergencies that it is little less than marvellous there should have been any likeness between them. But, after all, these striking differences only make all the more striking that unity of splendid personal influence which all of them exercised and show how little the powerful and beneficent radiant force of personality depends upon birth or station or training. It is the most democratic of all the factors of human life.

The two of them who were born across the ocean offer particularly striking contrasts in their origin and early life. For Robert Collyer came of lowly parentage and had a childhood and youth of toil, while Stopford Brooke was born of the class from which the clergy of the Established Church of England has been recruited time out of mind. While loving care and tenderest nurture watched over his childhood, social refinements and intellectual associations surrounded him, school and university training gave him their benefits. But Robert Collyer, born in 1823, nine years before the other, was the son of mill workers in an English factory town, he had but a few terms of school training and had to begin the heart-breaking toil of the cotton factory, thirteen hours per day, when he was only eight years old. In his early teens he was

*The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale. By Edward E. Hale, Jr. Illustrated. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer, 1823-1912. By John Haynes Holmes. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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apprenticed to a blacksmith and so escaped the deforming influence of long-continued child labour in the mills. Dr. Holmes's account of the famous minister's childhood and of the conditions which preceded and surrounded it, much of the story being taken from Dr. Collyer's own recollections, is well worth reading if only for the sake of the picture it gives of the vicious industrialism of those years and of the supine way in which the general sentiment yielded without question to its atrocious demands. Industrialism has not yet quit saying, "I must do so and so or I cannot exist," and society has not yet gained that fulness of courage and justice which would inspire it always to say in reply, "Better die than outrage humanity!" The story of those early years of the factory industry in England, with the unspeakable tortures it inflicted upon children and the racial injuries for which it was responsible, cannot, even yet, be told too often for the warning and the enlightenment of society. For every time it is told it will do something to inspire society with the courage it needs, the understanding it lacks and the assurance that industry's due measure of success does not depend and never has depended upon any of the atrocious methods society has allowed it to use. The long process of civilising, humanising and justifying—yes, justifying—industry is not yet finished. Therefore I hope that this story of Robert Collyer's life will have many readers who will be influenced and heartened by it to do their share in the process that is still going on.

Barring the near-tragedy of his years in the factory, the story of Dr. Collyer's early life is most pleasing and inspiring because, notwithstanding the poverty of his home and the humble social station of his parents, it is evident that he was, as he himself insisted, "well born and well bred." That the responsibility for that most desirable condition rested mainly upon his mother is also evident. One sees anew in this biography, and with startling emphasis, how much the mother of a family can do in moulding the character and making possible the worth-while achievements of her children.

All through his early life and until some years after his migration to America in his young manhood, Dr. Collyer was a Methodist and alternated his preaching on Sunday with his work as a blacksmith on weekdays. And all the time he was reading more and more widely and thinking more and more deeply and keenly. And at last came his vigorous forward step into the liberal domain of Unitarianism and after a short time his call to Unity Church, in Chicago, whose devoted, beloved and widely influential pastor he remained for many years, until he accepted the call to the Church of the Messiah in New York in 1879.

Stopford Brooke, born and brought up in the Established Church of England and serving as an influential minister under it for many years, in the same way read and thought and observed himself out of its ranks and into a freer religious atmosphere. If he did not definitely ally himself with the Unitarian denomination, he was in close sympathy with it and worked thereafter in harmony with its leaders.

Edward Everett Hale, the American-born member of this group of three personalities, presents, as do both of the others, an instance of the response of a strong, vital nature to the stirring call of humanity. The

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oldest of the three, although his birth antedated that of Collyer by only a year, it was not until he had been for some years settled in the ministry of a Unitarian church in Worcester, Massachusetts, that he began to feel within him the demand to be up and doing for humanity's welfare. Previously his desires and ambitions had been of the self-centred sort. He looked forward, apparently, to a life of somewhat perfunctory activity as a clergyman that would afford leisure for scholarly pursuits of much reading and writing. But the coming of the Civil War with its deep stirring of the hearts of all men brought him out of this mental attitude and seemed to make of him almost a different entity. Out of his new envisaging of life came *The Man Without a Country*, likely to endure for generations as one of the classics of American literature, because of the simplicity and vitality with which it expresses great truths. Practically all that he wrote thereafter, and his books were many during the more than forty years of his pastorate of the South Congregational Church of Boston, had for its motive no trace of the old desires but was inspired wholly by the belief that it would serve humanity. Several of them set in motion currents of influence deep and wide that have done much in moulding the character of two generations of young people and so have had no little effect upon the life and character of the nation.

Dr. Brooke also had his leanings toward and his ambitions for the pleasures and rewards of literary pursuits and he wrote much in the line of literary and historical discussion and criticism. But although his literary work is capable, even distinguished in some respects, it is more as a personality, a vigorous, beautiful influence upon all who came within his personal radius whether as individual or as preacher from the pulpit of Bethany Chapel, London, that he is known and remembered. And with the exception of Dr. Hale's *The Man Without a Country*, the same is true of all three men. All three possessed certain of the factors of greatness, wore even the face of greatness, but it was not so much the greatness that achieves definite results as the greatness that inheres in a certain kind of thinking, living and being. They did achieve, each of them, important results. For Dr. Brooks in London, Dr. Hale in Boston and Dr. Collyer in Chicago and New York each inspired and set on foot definite practical work among the poor and the wretched that was at the beginning of and had much to do with the progress of the movement of social helpfulness and brotherly love between social strata that has since gained such headway. And Dr. Hale's *Ten Times One* and *Lend a Hand* movements have had immeasurable results. But, after all, even these resolve back into the fact of personality. For if these men had not been the vivid, beautiful, virile, loving and helpful personalities that they were and by reason of which they deserve the palm of greatness they could not have done any of these things with success.

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TWO BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. SIR ARTHUR PINERO*

THE many readers of THE BOOKMAN who have enjoyed Mr. Hamilton's monthly criticisms of the contemporary theatre, will welcome these attractively printed volumes, containing eight plays of one of the most significant dramatists of our time; they will read the general introduction and the critical prefaces to each play with eagerness and profit, because everything that Mr. Hamilton writes about the stage is a combination of sound scholarship and critical insight. Furthermore, he is never dull.

During the last twenty-five years there have been more good plays written in the English language than during any preceding twenty-five years since the death of Shakespeare in 1616. We are living, not in an age of promise, but in an age of fruition. The historian of the English drama will never be able to omit the name of Pinero, for he was one of the pioneers of the new period, and has made many important contributions. He was one of the first modern English-speaking playrights to publish his pieces in book form, and together with his contemporary, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who, in his book, *The Renascence of the English Drama* (1895), advocated most earnestly the printing of plays, deserves lasting credit for helping to make modern drama a part of modern literature. No phase of the publishing business in the twentieth century has been more interesting than this; even so late as 1897, Henry James believed that publishers would never undertake the printing of theatrical pieces as a regular part of their work, and yet now we know that every publisher is glad to have them on his list. It should not be forgotten that much of the credit for this advance belongs to Pinero and Jones.

I admire Mr. Hamilton's enthusiasm for the work of his author, because a critic will always do his best when his sympathy is fully aroused; and if he had contented himself with less sweeping superlatives, I should have found myself in hearty agreement, not only with his general proposition, but with most of his individual pronouncements. But the attitude of Mr. Hamilton to Pinero is not that of an admirer; it is close to idolatry. It will hardly do to call him "this acknowledged leader of all living English playwrights." Barrie, Shaw, and Galsworthy are all greater playwrights than he. Among other sweeping generalisations, Mr. Hamilton says, "It is now possible to assert with certainty that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, at the time of its original performance, was the *only* great play that had been written in the English language for one hundred and sixteen years." Now *Lady Windermere's Fan* was acted one year before *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and I believe the former has fully as much right to the adjective "great" as the latter.

*The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Edited with a General Introduction and a Critical Preface to each Play by Clayton Hamilton. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Vol. II will be published this month, Vols. III and IV, this coming autumn.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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There has of course been much undue and unfair depreciation of the work of Pinero by twentieth century critics, who have called him merely theatrical, forgetting that the business of a piece written for the theatre is to be theatrical. Sudermann has suffered in the same way from contemporary German writers, so that one of his defenders was moved to say that the constant attacks upon Sudermann came from men who accused him of doing what they had all tried their best to do, and having failed in the attempt, had vented their wrath on their successful rival. Mr. Hamilton seems to have these sneerers in mind, for his criticisms of Pinero's work are really a passionate defence of it. The view of the "modern" critics is summed up by Ashley Dukes, who says, "Better a single play like *Man and Superman* or *Frühlings Erwachen* than a thousand of the type of *Magda* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Better the uncut brilliant than the polished scrap of paste." This is unfair; yet it is no farther from the truth, I think, than Mr. Hamilton's raptures.

The fact of it is, that Pinero occupies the same position in modern English drama that Sudermann holds in German drama, with the exception that no play of his has ever made so international an appeal on the stage as *Heimat*. Now if Mr. Hamilton had mainly insisted that Pinero was a master of stage technique, that he was a playwright whom all aspirants could study with profit, and that he had created some living characters, no reasonable person could demur. But it is vain to make him out a great dramatist, or a great man, and yet this is exactly what our critic believes and emphasises. The reason why nearly every thoughtful person ranks Hauptmann higher than Sudermann—although the majority of Hauptmann's plays have been failures—is because his pieces rise from a great personality, a personality that has not only had a powerful influence on the modern stage, but on modern thought. Pinero has had little influence on the Continental stage, and almost none at all on modern thought.

He is astonishingly efficient; he learned his business by faithful and prolonged study of the best models, which is exactly what William Archer advised him to do in 1882. His career has met with the success which he deserved, and I have no quarrel with the *Manchester Guardian*, which said of the first production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, "At last a living Englishman has written a play of which it is possible to be proud." All this is true. His plays are well made, and as Mr. Hamilton justly observes, all plays ought to be well made. But they are so well made that at the final curtain they leave the audience thoroughly and completely satisfied. The last knot is unravelled, and the solution clear. Yet when we leave the theatre after witnessing the work of a truly great dramatist, our applause is mingled with all kinds of questions, doubts, surmises, which the play, instead of answering for us, has kindled in our minds.

Mr. Hamilton has performed a valuable service in publishing eight masterpieces of theatrical effect, among which I am glad to see included my favorite play of Pinero's, *His House in Order*. The bibliography, the list of actors at the first performances, and the neces-

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sary facts therewith, add distinctly to the worth of these volumes. The general introduction, and the separate critical prefaces—apart from their excellence as literary and dramatic criticism—are full of material that has never been published, for it is based on an intimate acquaintance with the distinguished playwright.

William Lyon Phelps.

II. HAWAII AND JACK LONDON*

You'll have to blue-pencil a lot of the stuff about me. You do "get" me somehow, and I love what you've written. But they'll make fun of you and hurt your feelings. Listen to your father now. I'm telling you.

This is what Jack London said to his wife when he saw the first pages of her diary of their first joint visit to Hawaii. But Mrs. London, being a very modern woman, disagreed with her husband, whether merely on principle or not she fails to tell us. What the reason does not matter, the main thing is that she *did* disagree and did *not* blue-pencil any of the personal "stuff" she had written. So that this book, consisting largely of the diary of that first trip and then the record of a later trip, gives us not so much Hawaii as a bit of biography, intimate and chatty, about Jack London, for which his wide circle of admirers, those to whom the soul of the man as shown in his work appeals so strongly, will always be grateful. Mrs. London is wise in making this choice for the character of her book. We can turn to others for all the knowledge we desire about Hawaii. She must remain for us the keeper of knowledge about the man who won an honoured place for himself in American letters in a span of life which for many men would have merely marked the beginning of a career.

The two visits to Hawaii of which the book tells are the first trip in the spring of 1907 as first stopping place on the voyage of the *Snark*, when that irritating little vessel demanded a halt for repairs. Hawaii proved so delightful that the halt was prolonged to a visit of several months and a passion for the Islands was born in the soul of the rovers that brought them back, ten years later, to make arrangements for a possible yearly visit. A dream which, alas! was never carried out, for Death left it only a dream. A distant vision of the volcano tops seen from the schooner *Sophie Sutherland* which later served her one-time fo'c'sle hand as model for the schooner *Ghost* in *The Sea Wolf*, aroused a longing in Jack London's mind to make the nearer acquaintance of our beautiful island territory. It was not until fame and fortune sufficient came to him to allow him to build and equip the *Snark* that he could put this early dream into actuality. He himself has told us something of Hawaii in his own book of the *Snark's* trip, and in several stories. But much of the work he was planning, that should tell in the medium of fiction, his best self-expression, what these islands meant to him, was unfortunately never accomplished. All of which means that this glimpse of Jack London at Hawaii is sure of a welcome from very many readers who will try to make it do for what he himself intended to give us.

Mrs. London is just a little over-enthusiastic about everything. It is a charming trait in one's personal acquaintance with anyone. But

*Our Hawaii. By Charmian Kittredge London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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spread over the pages of a lengthy book it gives an effect of sameness. Particularly when most of the people about whom she is so enthusiastic are unknown to the average reader and are likely always to remain unknown to him. It is nice of her to be so grateful for many favours received. But the reader is apt to skip those passages and hurry on to such pages as linger affectionately over little intimate touches, incidents, scraps of conversation, revealing the personal side of the man Jack London, his attitude toward life and toward his work. We like the little incident of the cigarettes and the self-control it showed when the inveterate smoker suddenly concluded he would not smoke . . . and did not. Also his honest human indignation and disgust when his agent sent him the sheaf of rejections for the manuscript of the *Iron Heel.*

> Darn them all . . . they think the stuff is an attempt on my part to prophesy. It isn't. I wrote it merely as a warning. . . . . They're all afraid of it. They see their subscriptions dropping off if they run it; but they give hell to us poor devils of writers if they catch us writing for the mere sake of money instead of pure literature.

And most delicious is the tale of his discovery of the Roosevelt article in *Everybody's* in which, with characteristic ardour and equally characteristic inaccuracy, our impulsive ex-President had "sailed into" Jack London for letting Kiche, the wolf-dog in *White Fang,* be killed by a lynx. "It can't be done," says Mr. Roosevelt. "No more it can't," says Jack London. "My story is about the wolf-dog killing the lynx . . . and eating it." But he sighed as he realised that he could hardly hope to have his answer to Mr. Roosevelt and his pointing out of the latter's habit of hasty and inaccurate statement given the same space and importance as had been devoted to these same misstatements.

And a sensible bit of philosophy is his attitude toward the necessary menial tasks of life, very sensible in view of a recent tendency toward the "simple life" which is more idealised than understood. "I'd rather be learning from the books than tying shoelaces or pressing trousers," he elucidates. "How can you and I be continually sharing the endless books and ideas if you are going to spend your time with feather-dusters and brooms and cookery? There are specialists for everything. . . . *We* specialise in ideas. No, I am *not* going to carve. I prefer to talk and listen. I pay the servants in the kitchen to do the carving. *I* carve, *I* wash the dishes, *I* cook . . . by earning the money, through my own chosen specialty, to pay others to do that branch of my work."

Of all the incidents in the first visit to Hawaii there is none that stands out in the reader's mind, of itself, and in its effect on Jack London, as does the trip to the leper settlement at Molokai. Mrs. London does some of her best writing here, in the many little touches of incongruous comedy and tragedy mingled that such a place must show. And through her narrative we can see Jack London's intense interest in it all and the instant way in which his eager mind went roving over the possibilities of how, if they ever contracted leprosy, they could go on working there in Molokai and set up a ranch and have a yacht and "let Dr. Goodhue experiment on our cure," all this with eyes shining with delight at the thought!

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There is a difference in the story of the second trip. The shadow of the coming tragedy of early Death brooded in the langour that neither of them understood as a sign of a coming physical breakdown. Hawaii seemed just as lovely to Jack London, but he preferred to enjoy it from a chair or a hammock, the former desire for eager action was gone. He took a greater interest in political conditions, in the growth of the community spirit of the islands, and desired more than anything else to interpret the soul of the islands to the people at home who, he complained, knew so little about this jewel in their crown. Little of this was done, for little time remained to him. And the tragedy of his early taking off is all the deeper when we read of one saying of his, of which this book tells us:

> There is so much to do, so much to learn, to read. The days and nights of a thousand years are not long enough.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

Rubens. By Louis Hourticq, Inspector of Fine Arts of the City of Paris. Translated by Frederick Street. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

The story of the artist's life and work.

Biography

The Life of Naomi Norsworthy. By Frances Caldwell Higgins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

A biography (of a late teacher of Columbia University) which will be of great personal interest to friends.

W. E. Ford. By J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

An original and entertaining discussion.

Daniel Webster in England. Journal of Harriette Story Paige, 1839. Edited by Edward Gray, with portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

Intimate impressions of English authors and other men of importance, with gossip and detailed pictures of British domestic interiors of the time.

Drama

Anatol and Other Plays. The Modern Library. By Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

Three plays, the masterpieces of the Viennese playwright.

Economics

Income Tax Law and Accounting. By Godfrey N. Nelson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A record, explanation, and guide for business men, lawyers, and accountants.

Essays

Two Towns—One City. Paris—London. By John F. Macdonald. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

A collection of witty articles reprinted from English papers, giving pictures of the Entente before the war—London in war-time and Paris of to-day, by the man called "the interpreter to England of the Spirit of France."

Aliens. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

The author's second novel, portraying the lives of the two Carville brothers as they react upon a quiet household in New Jersey.

Fiction

The Fat of the Land. By John Williams Streeter. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The story of an American farm—a republication.

A Family of Noblemen. By M. Y. Saltykov. Translated by A. Yarmolinsky. The Modern Library. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

A realistic story of Russian nobility, dealing with the problem of heredity.

The House of Conrad. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

The story of how an emigrant's dream of founding a house of socialistic doctrines in America changed into the realisation of a home of the true American sort.

Howard Chase, Red Hill, Kansas. By Charles M. Sheldon. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

A story of an over-churched little town in Kansas.

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The Three of Hearts. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.40.

A humorous story, characteristic of this author, of a young subaltern's proposals.

His Official Fiancée. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A love story of a typist in a big London office.

Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.35.

A mediæval romance of the Norse country and Icelandic heroes and lovers, founded upon an ancient saga which tells of the first exploration of America.

Kitty Canary. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper Brothers. $1.00.

The romance of a girl in a Virginian town.

Twinkletoes. By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.35.

Another of the author's characteristic stories, about a little dancer of Lime house.

The Flame. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.40.

A love story of a Paris cartoonist.

Boy Woodburn. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

An English story of a girl and her horse, by the author of *Bob, Son of Battle.*

Where Bones are Loosed. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A tale of the tropics, by a younger novelist of to-day.

The Best Short Stories of 1917 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.50.

The yearly collection by the well-known poet and critic.

Simba. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

The story of an African boy—of diplomacy, adventure and experience in the wilderness country.

Connie Morgan With the Mounted. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

Another Northland story of action and adventure, centring about this well-known hero.

Sunshine Beggars. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The story of how a poverty-stricken Italian family injected a little art into a narrow conventional American community.

Teeple Neighbors. By Grace Coolidge. Boston: Four Seas Publishing Company.

Stories of the American Indian of to-day, some of which have appeared in the magazines.

Children of Passage. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A tragi-comedy of modern life in the Highlands of Scotland, by the son of Ian Maclaren.

His Daughter. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

The story of an American whose nature was refined in the fire of war.

The Courage of Marge O'Doone. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

A story of exciting incident in the Arctic country.

The Ransom of Red Chief and Other O. Henry Stories for Boys as Chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated by Mr. Gordon Grant. $1.35.

A collection of twenty-four stories.

Impossible People. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

The story of an English curate and his wife who seemed "impossible" because they were unconventional and delightfully human.

The Finding of Norah. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents.

A romance of the early months of 1917, about a woman who hesitated to marry a man with whose political beliefs she profoundly disagreed.

General Literature

The Winter's Tale. The Yale Shakespeare. Edited by Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. 50 cents.

Another volume of the series of interest to Shakespeare students.

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Per Amica Silentia Lunæ. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Sketches of the poet, giving his ideas on literature, men, and life.

History

History of the Pacific Northwest. By Joseph Schafer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

The romantic story of early northwest history—a story of civilisation building down to the present day.

Miscellaneous

Rapid French Course. Modern Language Series. By Williams and Ripman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 90 cents.

A beginning book for adults.

Diabetic Cookery. Recipes and Menus. By Rebecca W. Oppenheimer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.
Tested recipes by a diabetic patient.

Balkan Home Life. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

A discussion of the manners, customs, religions, and superstitions of the Balkans.

Lincoln in Illinois. By Octavia Roberts. Profusely illustrated by Lester G. Hornby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

Personal recollections, artistically illustrated.

An Oral French Method. By Mlle. Alice Blum. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

A new system for rapidly acquiring facility in the speaking of French.

Theories of Social Progress. By Arthur James Todd, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

A critical study of the attempts to formulate the conditions of human advance.

The Language of Colour. By M. Luckiesh. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A practical primer exploring various fields in which colour is used, with the future possibilities of an art still in its earliest stages of development.

Travels in London. By Charles Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Memoirs of Morley, with recollections by Cook, Spender, and Collins.

La France. French Life and Ways. Modern Language Series. By G. Guibillon. Edited by Walter Ripman. $1.00.
A book in French for those interested in French customs and institutions.

Politics

Mexico: From Diaz to the Kaiser. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

Mexico as a factor in the war—by an author personally acquainted with the officials and circumstances.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The author answers the question, "Is Japan a menace or a comrade to be welcomed in the fraternity of nations?"

Psychology

The Psychology of the Future. By Emile Boirac. Translated by Dr. W. de Kerlor. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Eight illustrations from photographs. $2.50.

Discussion of occult phenomena by the French psychologist.

Science

The Modern Library.

Evolution in Modern Thought. By Haeckel, Thompson, Weismann and others. New York: Boni Liveright. 60 cents.

A summary of the accomplishment in science and thought since the enunciation of the Darwinian theory.

The Field Book of Insects. By Frank E. Lutz of the American Museum of Natural History. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

For the amateur, with valuable illustrations in colour.

The Desert. Further Studies in Natural Appearances. By J. Smeaton Chase. With illustrations from photographs. $2.00.

In twelve chapters—by a "lover" of the deserts of Colorado and the Mojave.

The Theory and Practice of Scientific Management. By C. Bertrand Thompson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

The results of an investigation into the history, methods, and results of scientific management, as studied in more than 140 industrial concerns.

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A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Fifty-seven colour plates. $3.00.

Bird-poems for presenting bird study to children—with unusually fine illustrations by Mr. Horsfall, painter of backgrounds for the American Museum of Natural History.

Religion

Christ and the World at War. Sermons preached in War Time. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

A collection of addresses by notable men of the English pulpit and platform.

Companions of the Way. By Rev. Edward M. Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A handbook of religion for beginners.

Religion and Common Sense. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 60 cents.

A defence of the truths of the Christian revelation.

Spiritism

The Invisible Guide. By C. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

The author's answer, in a personal record, to the question, "How may I enter into communion and fellowship with the departed?"

War

The Spirit of Lafayette. By James Mott Hallowell. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 75 cents.

In this story the fight for democracy and a league of democratic nations is symbolised and interpreted.

The German Terror in France. By Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

An historical record, continuing "The German Terror in Belgium."

Inside Constantinople. By Lewis Einstein. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A diplomatist's diary during the Dardanelles Expedition, April-September, 1915.

Over There and Back. By Lieutenant J. S. Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A true picture of the front by an American boy.

The Great Crime and Its Moral. By J. Seldon Willmore. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

A connected narrative of the Great War—documentary literature in the words of neutrals and of the Germans themselves.

In Mesopotamia. By Martin Swayne. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Illustrated by the author.

A descriptive narrative of war travel, attractively illustrated in colours.

The Record of a Quaker Conscience. Cyrus Pringle's Diary. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

The diary of a young Quaker who was drafted for service in 1863.

The Fallacy of the German State Philosophy. By Dr. George W. Crile. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 50 cents.

Another argument that German prestige will be lost in any case, whether in case of victory or defeat.

Traveling Under Orders. By Major William E. Dunn, N. A. New York: Harper Brothers. 50 cents.

An officer from his experience in France tells of the necessary equipment for foreign service—to insure safety, health and comfort.

Wonderful Stories. Winning the V. C. in the Great War. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With coloured frontispiece and fifty-six other illustrations especially painted.

True stories of heroism in the war.

First Call. Arthur Guy Empey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With sixty-four illustrations. $1.50.

Another characteristic book by the author of *Over the Top.*

Germany in War Time. By Mary Ethel McAuley. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.50.

What an American girl saw and heard "before the butter card was introduced."

Comrades in Duplicate Courage. By Lieutenant Antoine Redier. Translation by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

In Our First Year of War. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

Messages and addresses to the Congress and the people, March 5, 1917 to January 8, 1918, by the President—royalties to the American Red Cross.

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South-Eastern Europe. By Vladislav R. Savic, former head of Press Bureau, Serbian Foreign Office. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

A plea for democracy and durable peace.

Aviation Engines—Their Design, Construction, and Repair. New York: The Norman W. Henley Publishing Company.

A complete practical treatise for all interested in the construction and upkeep of the airplane.

Two Years in Constantinople. By Dr. Harry Stuermer. Translated from the German by E. Allen and the author. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

An indictment of German military methods, by a German.

Trapped in Black Russia. By Ruth Pierce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Letters—an American woman's experiences under arrest as spy in Russia in 1914.

A Diary of the Russian Revolution. By James L. Houghteling, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With illustrations. $1.25.

An intimate story based partly on the actual experiences of the author.

Conscript 2989. The Experiences of a Drafted Man. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00.

The adventures and inadventures of life in the big National Army Cantonment.

One Young Soldier. By Ira Seymour Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00.

Stories of a young soldier's life in the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War—reprinted by request, formerly "The Song of the Rappahannock."

The Soul of Democracy. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The philosophy of the world war in relation to human liberty: "Man for the State means autocracy and imperialism; man for mankind is the soul of democracy."

The Enlisting Wife. By Grace Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 50 cents.

A story for "Whistling Wives," written by request.

The Story of the Salonica Army. By G. Ward Price. New York: Edward J. Clode. Illustrated. $2.00.

The official correspondent with the allied forces in the Balkans makes clear the treatment of the Greeks by the Allies.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of February and the first of March:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Tree of Heaven	The White Morning
	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Under Fire
New York City.....	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Laugh and Live
	A Yankee in the Trenches	Private Peat
Albany, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail	The White Morning
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Baltimore, Md.....	Missing	The Green Mirror
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Baltimore, Md.....	Sonia	Missing
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Long Lane's Turning
	Over the Top	Carry On
Boston, Mass.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	A Yankee in the Trenches	The Long Trick
Boston, Mass.....	The Tree of Heaven	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
	Private Peat	My Four Years in Germany
Boston, Mass.....	The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail
	A Student in Arms	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Chicago, Ill.....	The U. P. Trail	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Holding the Line	First Call
Chicago, Ill.....	The U. P. Trail	The Major
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	With the Colors	Over the Top
Cleveland, Ohio.....	In Happy Valley	The Lifted Veil
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Dallas, Tex.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The U. P. Trail
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Denver, Col.....	The U. P. Trail	Cabin Fever
	Over the Top	Carry On
Des Moines, Iowa.....	The Major	Christine
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Houston, Tex.....	The U. P. Trail	Calvary Alley
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The U. P. Trail	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Second Fiddle	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Louisville, Ky.....	Calvary Alley	His Last Bow
	Under Fire	My Home in the Field of Mercy
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Green Mirror	The Dwelling Place of Light
	A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	All In It

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(Continued)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
ve and Liberty	Sonia	The U. P. Trail	Three Black Pennys
ivate Peat	A Student in America	Women in War Work	French Windows
e Blue Eyed Manchu	Our Square and the People in It	The Tree of Heaven	The White Morning
l In It	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Over the Top	The Lost Naval Papers
e Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Green Mirror	The Major	The Luck of the Irish
e Land of Deepening Shadow	Under Fire	All In It	Carry On
e Major	The White Morning	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Tree of Heaven
e Land of Deepening Shadow	Carry On	Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany
e Green Mirror	Faulkner's Folly	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
Yankee in the Trenches	Conscript 2989	My Four Years in Germany	The Cross at the Front
e Thoroughbred	The Soul of a Bishop	The Light in the Clearing	When a Man's a Man
ivate Peat	The First Hundred Thousand		
e False Faces	The Bag of Saffron	The White Morning	The Lost Naval Papers
ivate Peat	Women in War Work	Under Fire	The Land of Deepening Shadow
e U. P. Trail	Frenzied Fiction	The Major	His Last Bow
er the Top	The Land of Deepening Shadow	All In It	Carry On
s Last Bow	The White Morning	The Major	Sonia
Yankee in the Trenches	Private Peat	The United States and Pan Germania	Fighting for Peace
. Ladies of Worcester	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop	His Daughter
er the Top	Cavalry of the Clouds		
velling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams	The Light in the Clearing	Christine
y Four Years in Germany	Holding the Line	Under Fire	All In It
ıe White Morning	Limehouse Nights	The Green Mirror	Missing
ivate Peat	Out of Their Own Mouths	A Yankee in the Trenches	Holding the Line
ıe Cinema Murder	Anybody's Property	Rimrock Jones	His Family
l In It	Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany	Towards the Goal
ıe Major	Sunny Slopes	Extricating Obadiah	The Red Planet
l In It	Fighting for Peace	Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany
ıe Secret Witness	Calvary Alley	White Ladies of Worcester	The Major
ivate Peat	Christine	My Home in Field of Mercy	All In It
ɔw Could You, Jean?	Fanny Herself	His Family	The U. P. Trail
rry On	Holding the Line	The Bolsheviki and World Peace	First Call
ıe Middle Pasture	Ladies Must Live	W. Ladies of Worcester	The White Morning
lventures as German Secret Agent	The White Morning		
ıe Tree of Heaven	Carolyn of the Corners	His Last Bow	Extricating Obadiah
ıder Fire	Christine	Fighting for Peace	Cavalry of the Clouds
lvary Alley	In Happy Valley	Anne's House of Dreams	Christine
ɔlding the Line	Under Fire	A Yankee in the Trenches	A Student in Arms
ıe Secret Witness	Long Live the King	Beyond	Dwelling Place of Light
er the Top	A Student in Arms	All In It	My Four Years in Germany
e Can't Have Everything	False Faces	In Happy Valley	Limehouse Nights
ivate Peat	Over the Top	The Land of Deepening Shadow	

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(*Continued*)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Christine	The Major
	Private Peat	A Yankee in the Trenches
New Haven, Conn.....	The Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail
	Private Peat	Cavalry of the Clouds
New Orleans, La.....	Missing	Christine
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Norfolk, Va.....	The Salt of the Earth	The U. P. Trail
	The Land of Deepening Shadow	All In It
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Tree of Heaven	False Faces
	Private Peat	A Yankee in the Trenches
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Portland, Maine.....	The U. P. Trail	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Portland, Ore.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Rochester, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail	Salt of the Earth
	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Over the Top
San Antonio, Texas....	My Country	Turn About, Eleanor
	My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Tree of Heaven	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Fragments from France	How to Live at the Front
Seattle, Wash.....	Christine	The Major
	Over the Top	Private Peat
St. Louis, Mo.....	Missing	The Major
	Over the Top	Private Peat
St. Louis, Mo.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
	The White Morning	Salt of the Earth
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major	The Tree of Heaven
	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Tacoma, Wash.....	Christine	Martie, the Unconquered
	Over the Top	Cavalry of the Clouds
Toronto, Ont.....	The Major	Anne's House of Dreams
	Over the Top	All In It
Utica, N. Y.....	The U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Waco, Tex.....	Green Fancy	The Dwelling Place of Light
	My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top
Washington, D. C.....	The Green Mirror	The Indian Drum
	All In It	Carry On
Worcester, Mass.....	The U. P. Trail	The White Morning
	Over the Top	Private Peat

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
issing	Webster-Man's Man	The Indian Drum	Salt of the Earth
olding the Line	Over the Top	All In It	Fighting for Peace
alse Faces	The White Morning	The Bag of Saffron	Carolyn of the Corners
ie Land of Deepening Shadow	The Challenge of the Present Crisis	A Crusader of France	Conscript 2989
ie U. P. Trail	The High Heart	The Dwelling Place of Light	We Can't Have Everything
nder Fire	All In It	Fighting for Peace	Carry On
ie Bag of Saffron	The Second Fiddle	The White Morning	Missing
ivate Peat	Under Fire	Carry On	Christine
ie U. P. Trail	Missing	The Green Mirror	The Major
olding the Line	Two Years in Constantinople	On the Right of the British Line	In Our First Year of War
welling Place of Light	The Light in the Clearing	The Indian Drum	Missing
nder Fire	Carry On	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Home in Field of Mercy
tricating Obadiah	His Last Bow	The Light in the Clearing	
l In It	Carry On	A Student in Arms	A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium
ie Tree of Heaven	The White Morning	Mary Regan	The Major
l In It	My Four Years in Germany	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Under Fire
r. Britling Sees It Through	Christine	The Light in the Clearing	Temperamental Henry
ie First Hundred Thousand	Under Fire	All In It	My Four Years in Germany
alse Faces	The White Morning	Calvary Alley	The Tree of Heaven
ivate Peat	Cavalry of the Clouds	My Home in the Field of Mercy	Two Years in Constantinople
owsy	White Ladies of Worcester	Dwelling Place of Light	Ladies Must Live
ivate Peat	Under Fire	All In It	The First Hundred Thousand
ristine	His Last Bow	Cabin Fever	The U. P. Trail
nder Fire	Private Peat	Over the Top	United States and Pan Germania
ie Light in the Clearing	The Salt of the Earth	The Agony Column	The Green Mirror
l In It	The Soul of the War		
ie Light in the Clearing	His Last Bow	The U. P. Trail	Dwelling Place of Light
l In It	Under Fire	My Home in the Field of Mercy	The Land of Deepening Shadow
ie Tree of Heaven	The U. P. Trail	The Major	Mary Regan
er the Top	Private Peat	Gunner Depew	First Call
alse Faces	Extricating Obadiah	The U. P. Trail	Anne's House of Dreams
l In It	Private Peat	Under Fire	Carry On
ie Winds of World	Barbarians	Mary Regan	We Can't Have Everything
l In It	The First Hundred Thousand	My Home in the Field of Mercy	Fragments from France
artie, the Unconquered	Calvary Alley		
ivate Peat	Our Belgian Legation	My Four Years in Germany	
s Last Bow	The Major	False Faces	Calvary Alley
l In It	The Journal of Our Legation in Belgium	My Four Years in Germany	My Home in the Field of Mercy
ie Soul of a Bishop	The Secret of the Storm Country	The U. P. Trail	
l In It			
e Major	Salt of the Earth	Dwelling Place of Light	The Tree of Heaven
ghting for Peace	Private Peat	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
tricating Obadiah	The Major	Sunshine Beggars	The Tree of Heaven
Four Years in Germany	A Yankee in the Trenches	The Land of Deepening Shadow	Under Fire

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BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 222-226) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

FICTION

The U. P. Trail. Grey. (Harper.) $1.50 220

The Major. Connor. (Doran.) $1.40. 157

The Tree of Heaven. Sinclair. (Macmillan.) $1.60 138

The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchhill. (Macmillan.) $1.60..... 121

The White Morning. Atherton. (Stokes.) $1.00..... 75

Missing. Ward. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.. 63

WAR BOOKS

Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.) $1.50 319

Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 308

All In It. Beith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50 155

Under Fire. Barbusse. (Dutton.) $1.50 121

The Land of Deepening Shadow. Curtin. (Doran.) $1.00..... 99

My Four Years in Germany. Gerard. (Doran.) $2.00..... 96

A Complete List of Books Mentioned in the Foregoing Reports

Adventures as German Secret Agent
Anybody's Property
The Agony Column
All In It
Anne's House of Dreams
The Bag of Saffron
The Blue Eyed Manchu
Barbarians
Beyond
The Bolsheviki and World Peace
Cabin Fever
Calvary Alley
Cavalry of the Clouds
Carry On
Christine
The Cinema Murder
Conscript 2989
The Cross at the Front
A Crusader of France
The Challenge of the Present Crisis
Carolyn of the Corners
The Dwelling Place of Light
Drowsy
Extricating Obadiah
The False Faces
Fanny Herself
Faulkner's Folly
Fighting for Peace
First Call
First Hundred Thousand
Fragments from France
French Windows
Frenzied Fiction
Gunner Depew
The Green Mirror
His Daughter
His Last Bow
Holding the Line
The High Heart
His Family
How Could You, Jean?
How to Live at the Front
The Indian Drum
In Happy Valley
In Our First Year of the War
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium
Laugh and Live
The Long Trick
The Light in the Clearing
Limehouse Nights
The Long Lane's Turning
Long Live the King
The Lost Naval Papers
Land of Deepening Shadow
Love and Liberty
The Luck of the Irish
The Lifted Veil
Ladies Must Live
Missing
Mary Regan
Martie, the Unconquered
The Major
The Middle Pasture
Miss Million's Maid
Mistress Anne
My Country
My Home in the Field of Mercy
My Four Years in Germany
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
On the Right of the British Line
Out of Their Own Mouths
Over the Top
Our Square and the People in It
Private Peat
The Red Planet
Rimrock Jones
Salt of the Earth
The Soul of a Bishop
The Secret of the Storm Country
Sonia
Sunny Slopes
A Student in Arms
The Second Fiddle
Sunshine Beggars
Turn About, Eleanor
The Three Black Pennys
The Tree of Heaven
The Thoroughbred
Towards the Goal
Temperamental Henry
The United States and Pan Germania
The U. P. Trail
When a Man's a Man
Webster-Man's Man
The Winds of the World
The White Morning
Two Years in Constantinople
The White Ladies of Worcester
We Can't Have Everything
Women and War Work
The Winds of the World
With the Colors
A Yankee in the Trenches

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